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CALIFORNIA

'46 to '88

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JACOB WRIGHT HARLAN

CALIFORNIA

'46 to '88

L.C.



BY

JACOB WRIGHT HARLAN



Now go * * * and note it in a book.—Isaiah, xxx: 8

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TO

GENERAL JOHN C. FRÉMONT

MY CHIEF IN DAYS OF YORE

THIS STORY

IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED

PREFACE.

IT is usual for a bookmaker to present himself to his readers by something in way of preface. This might not be needed in the present case were it not that this writer deems it well to apologize for his boldness as an unlettered man, in trying to write a book at all, and also to crave that his frequent use of the first personal pronoun singular may not be set down to vanity, but rather to the fact of its being convenient for stating, briefly, matters personal to himself, and of his own memory and experience.

To old Pioneers in the American settlement of California some parts of the following record may appear incorrect, and some may be too familiar or unimportant to be interesting; but let each fact be taken as a link in a chain of a California life, and its value, though small, may be acknowledged.

It has appeared to this writer that every fact relating to the early settlement of California should be recorded and treasured up; in fact, that it is the duty of every Pioneer to put in writing his early California experience.

The acquisition of California; the discovery and development of its mineral riches; the outpouring

from older societies of the army of young men who at once occupied the new country and forced it into world-wide importance, form the chief romance of this century.

This Earth has become a much smaller affair than it was in 1840 to 1850. Railroad and Telegraph are every day making it smaller. There is no place on its surface for another California, such as was the California of those golden days. Golden not alone in the wealth yielded by the soil, but in the better wealth of the youth and health and pluck and energy of the founders of the present well ordered State.

It has been only by much persuasion that this writer has been induced to appear in print. Job, that old ranchero, wished that his "*adversary had written a book.*" He, perhaps, had been having some hard experience with newspaper men or reviewers of his day—if there were any

This Pioneer hopes that he is nobody's adversary, and that no critic may find it worth while to dissect this little story. Yet, if it be found worthy of notice, he trusts that it may be treated with charity, and the writer himself with whatever belongs to good humor and good fellowship.

H.

CALIFORNIA,

'46 TO '88.

CHAPTER I.

MY Americanism dates from a long way back. James Harlan, my grandfather's great grandfather, was an English Quaker, and came to America with William Penn. My grandfather, George Harlan, emigrated to Kentucky, and there died. My father's mother was Mary Wright, also of English descent. My mother, Malinda Matinlee, was of Scottish descent, and both she and my father were natives of Kentucky. He was a Quaker and she a Presbyterian. Shortly after their marriage my parents moved to Wayne County, Indiana, and I was born there on October 14th, 1828. I had one brother and two sisters older than myself, and one sister younger. My mother died when I was two years old, and my father afterwards married a widow named Adney. With this marriage I first learned that life is a rather serious business. My stepmother

at once started in to train me according to her ideas, and she kept me dancing to the music of her switch till after I was ten years old.

In 1832 we moved to Kosciusko County, Indiana, and settled on Turkey Creek, near Tippecanoe, where General Harrison had his battle with Tecumseh. White people were very few in number and there were many Indians, chiefly Potawattomies and Miamis, who gave us very little trouble. I, as a boy of five or six years old, and being much among them, learned many of their words and ways. Even yet I remember their way of counting, and, in fact, I became quite a little Indian. The Indians, of whatever tribe they may be, have many characteristics in common, and this early familiarity with them has on various occasions been of much service to me. When I was about eight years old white people who had settled in the neighborhood got together and built a log school house. It had a large fireplace and chimney for winter fires. Benches and desks were made of slabs, split out and somewhat smoothed with the ax, and for a window there was a hole cut in the logs and covered with paper. There was no sawed lumber then in that country. People all lived in log cabins. To this "People's College" I was sent to be educated. Our teacher was

an old man named Thomas Moore. If any of my schoolmates are yet alive and should read this, their memory will be refreshed as to his big shell bark hickory switch that hung in the chimney corner, above his old greasy black hat. The use of this switch formed an important part of Moore's plan of educating youth. His system consisted chiefly in forcing knowledge into the pupils' heads by beating them on their nether end.

When I first went to this school I was as ignorant of books as any Indian. My father bought me a Webster's spelling-book. My sister put a cover on it and gave me a thumb paper to protect the book from dirty hands, and my brother, Bill, and I were packed off to our first school experience. I tried to learn and paid strict attention. I had got up to words of two syllables, and had not yet been whipped; but Bill got whacked every day, as did most of the other scholars. For a few mistakes Moore would give a scholar a dig in the ribs with his elbow, and it took but little more to bring down the full force of the dreaded shell-bark switch. Bill was a mischievous fellow and was willing to suffer at any time if he could get me into a scrape. He and I sat beside each other. The old hat was in its usual place on the floor. It had a hole in the crown

and two mice were playing hide and seek, popping in and out of this hole. Bill called my attention to this play and made me laugh out loudly. Old Moore grabbed his switch and then grabbed me. Why did I laugh? I told him of the mice and their hide-and-seek game, which Bill had shown me. He waled us both. Me rather lightly, but Bill got it even more severely than was usual. I continued at this school for three months and mastered the whole of Webster's spelling-book. I then graduated and never had more schooling. I was needed at home to do chores and help about the house.

My father's second wife had always been a hard stepmother to me. She appeared to become more severe as I grew older. Our final difficulty was one morning at the breakfast table. She gave coffee to all the others and to me she gave the whey from sour milk. I asked for some coffee, which she refused me, saying whey was good enough for me and that she would teach me manners and to take what was given me. Accordingly she struck me on the head with the broom-handle and knocked me out of my seat. I fell backward on the floor. I was up in time to avoid a second blow and jerked the broom from her, but was prevented from taking my turn by my father, who stepped in at that moment. After in-

quiring into the matter, he said it was clear that his wife and I could not live under the same roof. He then took me to the house of his brother Elijah, to whom he bound me to serve till I should be 21 years old, when I was to receive $200 and a horse, saddle and bridle. I soon found that I was out of the frying pan only to be in the fire. My uncle's family consisted of his wife, one son, John, about six months older than myself, and two girls. He had a fine farm of some 250 acres. He was the hardest of masters for us boys, who could not help ourselves. The manner in which he worked us two boys made him notorious in all that part of Kosciusko County. From 1838 to 1844 he would call us at 4 A. M. or sooner, and, sick or well, we had to turn out and go to work and continue at it till 8 and 9 P. M. We had no time for schooling in winter or summer. In summer we planted and hoed corn, cradled grain and did all sorts of out-door farm work. In winter we cut wood, split rails and tramped out grain—there were no threshing machines then in that country. My uncle seldom hired any help except in harvest and often not then when he could make us do the work. At last this proved too much for John and he sickened and died. I myself was but little better off. I worked my last day for this uncle

on the County road, in a marsh, hauling stone. At night, on starting for home, he ordered me to get up on the wagon, I tried to do so but dropped upon the ground and could not rise. He picked me up, took me home on the wagon and put me to bed. He sent for the doctor, who said my illness was consumption, the result of overwork and undue exposure to cold. I continued to get worse, and my uncle sent me to Laporte, Ind. There Dr. Teegarden, a water-cure doctor, treated me till 1845, when he declared that my lungs were about all gone and that I could not possibly live much longer. Then I returned to my uncle who appeared to feel badly at seeing me looking so ill.

CHAPTER II.

AT this time my uncle's mother—my grandmother—was at his house, lying at the point of death. She was 87 years of age. She was always very good to me; in fact, she was about the only one who had treated me with kindness. My middle name "Wright" was her maiden name, which she herself caused to be given me. She was a sincere and consistent Christian woman. One day she called me to her bedside and said to me: "The doctors have given you "up and say you are soon to die. Don't you believe "them. I know that I myself will not live to see an- "other Sunday or go again to church, which I love "so much, but I believe and know that you are not "going to die as they say, but will recover your "health and live. Since you have been sick I have "continued to pray for your recovery, and I feel "that the Lord will favorably regard my prayers."

Her words seemed to give me new life and hope, as I held her feeble hand I bowed my head and kissed her my final farewell. She died shortly afterward on that night. A few days afterward I

had a remarkable dream which made a deep impression on me. I dreamed that my health was completely restored and that I traveled over an extensive country of mountain and plain. I was standing on a high hill looking down upon fertile valleys below, which were beautiful with fine houses, orchards and farms. It appeard like a true Garden of Eden, and in my dream I felt that this was the country in which my life was to be passed. It may seem to savor of weakness and superstition, but I confess that this dream made a strong impression upon me, and in after years I have thought that I recognized in this beautiful State of California some of the very scenes which were then shown me.

How this came to be pictured to the imagination of an uncultured boy is a matter which I cannot explain. I am not the only one to whom such things have happened. I recall one instance which happened within the knowledge of one of my intimate friends. In this case the party, when also an inexperienced youth, dreamed of traveling over a rough mountain range and at last coming out at the mouth of a wild pass, where in a beautiful valley there was a collection of neat houses and pretty gardens and orchards; a small church or schoolhouse, a tavern, a store, a large blacksmith and wagon shop, and the

clear spring-water from the mountain above pouring out from a rough bark spout into the large trough at the tavern door. He had been bred in a level country and knew but little of the mountains; yet when he afterward became a Methodist preacher, and was on his first circuit with a veteran circuit rider, on issuing from a wild pass in the Alleghany mountains, the whole scene was presented to him nearly as he had dreamed it years before. I have heard of many such cases. I cannot explain them. Let others do so if they can.

CHAPTER III.

A *SHORT* time after this my uncle sent me to his brother, my Uncle George, who lived in Michigan and had a family consisting of his wife and six children. They all received me with great kindness and took the best of care of me; in fact, except my relations with my grandmother, which I have described, this was about the first real sympathetic kindness that had yet been extended to me.

My father had died in 1843. After he had bound me out to my Uncle Elijah, he appeared to take but little interest in me. By his second wife he had five children. His widow, with this family and a debt hanging over the farm, had enough to do to make both ends meet, and we of the family of my father's first wife found that we had to depend upon ourselves. At least, I found it so, and that I had to depend on my own efforts in order to gain a livelihood.

Some time after my going to live with my Uncle George he sent his son Joel and me to Niles, Michigan, with a load of wheat. Joel and I were of about the same age. He was an excellent fellow

and we were good friends. When at Niles we received from a friend of his father, *Hasting's Work on California and Oregon.* I believe my uncle had known Hastings, who had left Michigan in 1844. When we had read the book, my uncle declared that as soon as harvest was over and his grain sold, he would sell his farm and leave for California. Accordingly, these sales having been made and necessaries provided for the journey, we all started on our pilgrimage toward the Pacific Coast, on October 14th, 1845—my birthday. Our party consisted of fourteen persons, viz.: My uncle and his wife, his wife's mother, then ninety years of age and blind, his two small children, his two married daughters and their husbands, Ira and John Van Gordan, my two sisters, Sarah and Malinda, his nephew, G. W. Harlan, some others, and myself.

We had eleven wagons, ten of our teams being of oxen, and one of horses. At that time there was very little movement from that part of the country toward California. It was sometimes difficult to make people believe that that country was our destination. At Joliet, Ill., for instance, we were camped and had a large fire, for it was frosty. An Irishman drove up with a team and asked where we were going. One of our party said, "to Califor-

nia;" upon which he got into a rage and swore that he would not be made game of, and he threatened violence to our whole company. Some of our boys ran him off, and he escaped. He was not the only one who doubted our being bound for the Northwest coast. In passing through Hancock County, Ill., we met with an accident which detained us for a week. My uncle's son, Elisha, fell out of the wagon and a wheel passed over his body. A doctor who was called, in trying to bleed the boy, cut an artery, and the poor little fellow came near bleeding to death. In about a week he got well enough to travel.

Our stay in Hancock County gave us some experience of the Mormons. Nauvoo was not far off. A short time before we encamped here, several foraging parties—I think they called them "destroying angels"—were sent out by the Mormon leaders to gather corn belonging to the Gentiles. The Gentiles objected to having their corn thus taken, and the result was a fight in which the Gentiles lost seven men and the Mormons more. Near where we were camped was a well into which the Gentiles had thrown the bodies of seventeen saints who had been killed in the fight. The house of the farmer on whose land we were encamped was full of holes of

bullets which had been fired into it during the engagement. At this time the Mormons had been driven out of Missouri, where their killing of many citizens, their wounding of Gov. Boggs of that State and their other rascalities had made them odious. When we were near them in Hancock County, we learned that they had determined to leave Nauvoo; that their first intent was to go to Vancouver's Island, but their prophet and president had changed this, having had a revelation that they must go to Salt Lake, and there found a great people, who would in time wipe all Gentiles off from the face of the earth. This short experience of the Mormons I afterwards found useful when I had contact with many of them on the Pacific Coast. I have always found that when they have felt safe in doing so they have been ready to act in hostility to the Gentile. It may be that I err, but I believe that but for the discovery of gold and the consequent coming of so many people to California, the Mormons would have taken California.

When I first arrived in Yerba Buena—now San Francisco—the Mormons were strong there. If one needed a laborer to do a piece of work, the chance was that a Mormon would be on hand to do it. If one wished to have his clothes

washed, a Mormon woman would be the washerwoman. When a ball was given to Com. Stockton, at Leidesdorff's house, at the corner of Kearny and Clay streets, the majority, if not all, of the females were Mormon women. All this was happily swamped and lost in the flood of immigration, which the discovery of gold directed to California, and the Mormons had to take a back seat.

CHAPTER IV.

AT Quincy, Ill., we remained a few hours to rest our teams, and to buy some necessary things, and we came near being taken for saints. Our wagon covers were painted to make them water-proof, and each had its driver's name painted on it. A green-looking Sucker came gawking along spelling these names. When he came to John Van Gordan's wagon, he began to spell, and got as far as V-a-n, Van, when he shouted, "Vancouver's Island!" "Why, that's where the —— Mormons are going. These fellows are Mormons," which was not a very safe or pleasant accusation at the time and place. John, however, corrected his spelling and his notions by treating him to a kind of cyclone in the shape of a strong application of a big ox-whip, and we had no trouble.

We crossed the Mississippi at Hannibal, and at Brunswick we met Mr. Clark, who had lost much of his property in a great flood, which had done much damage to the latter place. When told that we were bound for California, he vowed he would go too, which he did. He settled in San Francisco, and

gave to "Clark's Point," the name which it bears to-day.

We wintered at Lexington, La Fayette County, Missouri. We had not been long there, when a steamboat arrived, bringing one hundred and fifty Sac and Fox Indians from Iowa, who were on their way to a reservation in Kansas Territory. Two of Black Hawk's sons were among them, fine-looking fellows. One, we found, weighed two hundred and fifty the other two hundred and fifteen pounds. My uncle made a contract with the agent to move them to Wesport, on the boundary between Missouri and Kansas Territory. It took all our teams to haul their effects, their children and those who could not walk.

We started on Christmas day and had travelled about five miles when there came on a severe snow storm. In a short time the road became covered so that we lost our way and we had to camp on a small creek among shrub oaks. We had attended to our animals and prepared for supper and were warming ourselves at the camp fire when John Van Gordan, in pulling a pistol from his pocket accidentally discharged it, and shot my cousin G. W. Harlan who was stooping over the fire. The ball entered his right hip and passed upward. He cried out that he

was killed and fell backward. This caused much confusion among the Indians. They were all on their feet in an instant. No interpreter was present to explain to them the cause of the shooting and matters were serious, as there were some seventy-five armed Indian warriors all under great excitement. Finally one of those sons of Black Hawk came forward. He could speak some English, and being informed about the accident he explained it to the Indians and pacified them. He then called the Indian medicine man, who carefully traced the course of the ball which he found under the right nipple, and said that by proper treatment the young man would get well. Next day a doctor came with an ambulance and took George back to Lexington. The rest of us with our Indian freight went on to Westport, and returning by way of Independence we found our patient rapidly getting well.

CHAPTER V.

DURING this winter, through the care and kind treatment of my uncle and his family, I had much improved in health. They always had prevented my doing any hard work which they thought would injure me. With returning health and strength I began to think it time for me to do something toward my own maintenance. Much hemp was raised in the part of Missouri, where we were wintering, and I found a chance to earn wages in braking hemp. My uncle at first objected to my engaging in this, but finally said I might go at it, and he would watch me lest it might injure me. Far different this from his brother's conduct toward me.

One morning in January I began work for a farmer who had 400 slaves, a few of whom were nearly as white as any of us. The slave that I chose as my teacher in this new kind of work was named Jacob, the same as myself, and was of fairer complexion, than I, having reddish hair and blue eyes. He told me that his mother was a slave and a quadroon, and his father was his master. He also told me that three very pretty girls with his same complexion and who were in his mother's house, were his

sisters, his master's daughters, and were the special servants of "Missus". The house in which this contraband family of "Massa" lived was much superior to the houses of the rest of the slaves. It was a comfortable log house, lined and neatly kept. The other slaves lived in common log-cabins. Jake made a wide distinction between his family and the other slaves. He called the latter "niggers."

Aside from this the master was a very good man, and kind to his slaves. Sometimes, however, when a slave would behave badly, Jake said, master would sell him to Louisiana people and the negro would not be heard of again.

The master's next neighbor had a large force of slaves and was very different in his treatment of them. This man, one night, came home drunk from town, and meeting one of his slaves, an old man, cursed him as good for nothing and killed him. My uncle found this to be true, as the murderer was arrested and fined $50, as punishment for doing it. He was a white "gentleman" and old Sam was only a "nigger." I learned also that Jake's master was permitting him to buy his freedom. His value was set at $1500, and Jake had already made and paid $1200, and would pay the balance in three years.

At first the work was very severe upon me, and I did not get through with a very great quantity of hemp. The "master," at the end of my first day, weighed my quantity and found it to be only forty-seven pounds. Jake being an old hand, his quantity was found to be two hundred pounds. The "master" then said to me that I had earned thirty-seven and one-half cents, but that Jake had earned one dollar and fifty cents, of which Jake's share was fifty cents; that in this way Jake was buying his freedom; that he hated to lose him, and could have sold him on the previous Saturday for two thousand dollars, but he preferred to let him buy his freedom in this way, and afterwards to let him work for wages as a free man.

On the succeeding Saturday I attended the slave auction. There was quite a large number of buyers. The slaves were in an enclosure, men, women, and children together, and they were sold off rapidly, without regard, evidently, to the separating of members of families. To me it looked very cruel and it affected me deeply. The last slave that was sold was a young girl. The auctioneer said: "Gentle-"tlemen, this girl is the last that we can offer you "to-day, and I want you to bid up quickly on her. "You can see that in form, color, and beauty she

"cannot be surpassed in La Fayette County. Her "age is seventeen years and eight months, and she "is an excellent servant." One of the bidders desired that her mouth be opened, that he might see her teeth. She was caused to do this, and a most beautiful set she had. Then the bidding went on; $400, $500, $600, $800, and so on until she was knocked down at $2,500. Her buyer asked how much negro blood she had, and was told that she had about one-eighth.

I never went to any more slave sales. The whole thing looked abominable to me. I came away with feelings of sadness and disgust.

I continued working among the hemp until Spring, and became quite handy at it. I earned enough to pay for my full outfit for the journey, and had forty dollars left. About my best investment was in a dapple grey mule, which afterwards proved a good friend when such a friend was much needed by me.

CHAPTER VI.

WITH the opening of Spring we made ready to start, and a very important part of our preparation was the marrying of two couples of our young folks, the natural result of a winter's close contact in camp.

Our first destination was Indian Creek, in Kansas, which was the place of rendezvous of California and Oregon emigrants. Here we found about five hundred wagons, two-thirds of which were bound for Oregon.

On April 5, 1846, we had a grand time. About five hundred people came from Missouri to see us off and bid us God-speed. Rev. Mr. Dunleavy, one of the emigrants, preached a sermon. He was quite eloquent, and his discourse had a powerful effect upon us all.

On April 6 we bade adieu to the "States" and started for our land of promise. The California emigration moved together for three days, Ex-Gov. Boggs, of Missouri, being captain; then we were divided into two parties. He went on in command of one-half. The other half, in which was our party,

then elected Judge Moran, of Missouri, as captain. They wished to elect my uncle, but he refused the command. For some time everything went on smoothly enough. In our company there was a preacher—for such he claimed to be—named Inman. He thought that he was not recognized, but several of us knew him to be no preacher at all, but a man who had been imprisoned in Kosciusko County, Ind., for being a horse thief, and had broken jail and escaped by crawling through a stove-pipe hole in the roof. He became very wroth at our captain, because, as he said, the latter did not preserve proper discipline. He complained about this mostly to the young men, appearing afraid to approach the captain or my uncle. We young folks decided to gratify his ambition, and have some fun as well. At night our camp was made by drawing all the wagons into a circle, and after supper we held a meeting of some 30 or 40 youngsters. We had speeches and a great show of enthusiasm. Finally, it was moved and unanimously voted that Captain Moran had failed in his duty, by not keeping proper discipline, and that he should be turned out of office. Then Inman was nominated, and he was elected with a tremendous hurrah. The older men, startled by the noise, ran out to see what was

up. I called my uncle and the captain aside and explained it to them. I begged them not to interfere with our fun, and told them that we boys had elected Inman to-night and to-morrow night we would put him out. The boys lifted him up and carried him in procession all about the camp, with great shouting and applause.

Next morning, Inman ordered every team to be ready to start at 6 A. M., and that any who were not then ready should be left behind, and not allowed to join the company again. Accordingly all were ready at the appointed time except one old man named Pyle, whose oxen had strayed away, and could not be readily found. The order was to march in four platoons. Four wagons should start together, keeping twenty feet apart. Then four more should move in the same manner, and so on till all were under way.

My uncle had eighty head of two-year old cattle, and he was ordered to keep them half a mile to the rear. Inman rode back and forth all day giving orders, and was on the run most of the time, so that some time before we got to camp his horse gave out, when he was far in the rear seeing if the loose cattle were nearer than the half mile. Before he could get to the front again the older men had camped and turned their stock loose to graze. He was in a great

rage at this, but could not help himself. That night he called a meeting of the young men, and stated his grievances to them, and asked their views and their advice. Just then old man Pyle came into camp, and said Inman had done him great wrong and had endangered the lives of himself and family, by making him camp half a mile away from the rest of us without any protection from the Sioux, who would like nothing better than to kill him and his wife and daughters. These daughters were nice pretty girls, and some of the young men had already begun to cast sheep's eyes in their direction; so the old man's talk made quite a sensation, and young Billy McDonald moved that Inman should be forthwith turned out of office and Captain Moran reinstated. I seconded the motion, and it was carried unanimously. Inman was wrothy at me for this. As I got down from my wagon Inman was standing beside his wife, across the corral, armed with bowie knife and rifle. As he aimed at me, I thought I could see right down the barrel. He pulled the trigger, but his gun snapped. I quickly brought my rifle to bear on him, but my uncle knocked it upward as I fired, and my ball only cut a groove on the top of Inman's head. There was much excitement in camp, and some young men wanted to lynch him, but the wisdom of the older men prevented this. He was ordered to leave camp, and we got rid of him.

CHAPTER VII.

WE proceeded very happily till we reached the South Platte. Every night we young folks had a dance on the green prairie. Our musician was usually a young fellow named Frank Kellogg, who played the fiddle pretty well, but from time to time, as our musician, we would get Ann Eliza Fowler. She was a young lady who afterwards became my wife, and in playing the fiddle she could just knock the hind-sights off Frank or any one in the train.

On the Platte we stayed a week, laying in a stock of buffalo meat. We encamped about two miles from a buffalo lick, to which thousands of those animals came to lick the salt with which the earth was impregnated. July 4th found us filled with buffalo meat and patriotism, and after our usual dance, we youngsters drew up in line to fire a salute, which was done without other loss of killed or wounded than a young fellow named Bill Richardson, who, in order to make greater noise, had overloaded his yäger rifle and got knocked a rod or so out of line, his rifle flying forty feet away.

The lick was very large, extending for several miles. In hunting we would divide into squads of five or six, and when the animals came to the lick we would fire at them. In this way we killed twenty-two on our first day's hunt. We cut the meat into thin slabs about as large as a common-sized shingle, and dried it in the sun. One morning we came upon a bull much bigger than any that we had yet seen. He was a monster in size and in fierceness. My rifle was larger in the bore than any of the rest, and it fell to me to shoot him. There were several others with him, and for some little time I could not get a fair shot at him. Finally I got a bead on a vital spot on him and fired. He fell, but was on his feet again in an instant. He saw me, and immediately charged me. I ran for my life, expecting every moment to be lifted on his horns. At last, when my breath and strength were gone, I stumbled on a buffalo chip, and fell headlong. Turning my head, I saw that my bull had fallen about two rods behind me. I immediately rose and cut his throat, and received the congratulations of my companions. I did not wholly escape damage, however. My hands and knees were full of thorns of the prickly pear, which was abundant on the prairie, and in my eagerness to bag that big bull

I had not observed that I was laying in a stock of thorns, which would give me much acute suffering.

In the afternoon of this day we witnessed a grand sight. Luckily we had just got into camp, when there came toward us a band of fully one thousand buffalos, running with great swiftness, and reckless of any obstacle which might be in their way. The ground fairly trembled under their tread. About one hundred mounted Sioux, armed with bows and arrows, were pursuing them. Four or five Indians would run up to a fat cow, and shoot arrows into her until she would fall dead. We saw them kill about a dozen in this manner. If our camp had happened to be in the course of their stampede, none of us could have escaped.

Having laid in our stock of buffalo meat, we proceeded to Fort Laramie. Here we found encamped a large body of Sioux. About five hundred of their warriors had just returned from a fight with the Pawnees. We were told that they had killed about one hundred and fifty of their enemies, and had lost about eighty of their own warriors in the fight. They had also taken a great many ponies. When we were there these Sioux had their war dance. They were all in war paint, and danced around a big fire, with the Pawnee scalps in their hands. The

one who had taken the most scalps received greatest honor. They were hideous to behold.

We had some fear that these savages would steal our animals, but the white men at the fort assured us that we need have no fear of their doing so. We made some presents to the old chief, which pleased him much, and he told us through an interpreter that our stock was safe, and that we need not guard it. We found this to be true, and lost no animals by those Indians.

CHAPTER VIII.

FROM Laramie we kept on to Fort Bridger, where we halted for three days. Here we met a man named L. W. Hastings, who had written the book which I have mentioned. He had just come from California, and professed to know all about the proper way to get there. He got all the emigrants together, and recommended that we leave the old trail and make a cut off from Bridger to pass round the south end of Salt Lake, and strike the Humboldt river one hundred and fifty miles above its sink. He said we would thus save three hundred miles of travel, it being that much nearer than the way by Fort Hall. There was a difference of opinion among our chief men. Governor Boggs and his company, our captain, Judge Moran, and some others were in favor of the Fort Hall route, but my uncle and old man Pyle, and James F. Reid, and George Donner were in favor of the cut-off recommended by Hastings.

While at this place I got me a complete suit of buckskin, which with moccasins and my ornamenting myself with some Indian paint, made our

young folks take me for Captain Bridger's half-breed son. I paid for my frolic rather dearly, as it took no little time and trouble to get the paint off. While here, also, an old mountaineer named Bill Williams came to us to buy a rifle. He examined nearly every rifle in camp. Mine was a good one—the same with which I killed that big buffalo. With him this rifle failed to pass inspection. He declared that the only good piece in our whole company was John Van Gordan's. I told Williams that the latter was an unlucky gun, and that with it John had shot and nearly killed my cousin, and also had clipped a piece off the ear of another of our company, and that if he bought it he would get killed with it. He said to me: "See here, young man, I have hunted and trapped in these mountains for sixty years, and you need not think, for all of your buckskin dress, that you can teach me anything about a rifle. Just get back under your wagon and keep on mending your moccasins, and let me alone." So I said no more to him. He then stepped off one hundred and fifty yards, and put up a mark, came back and carefully examined the rifle, and asked John his price. John said $20. Williams paid him that sum, and then heavily loaded the gun to see, as he said, how she would carry for that distance. He

aimed at his mark and fired. The rifle burst at the breech. A piece of the barrel ten inches long was split out. the stock torn to pieces. The lock flew across the corral fifty feet, and wounded me slightly on the leg. I ran across the corral and found old Williams lying flat on his back, and with his legs and body full of splinters. I helped him up, and after Bridger had restored him with some whiskey, he cried out that since he had hunted and trapped in the mountains he had been wounded a hundred times, and been struck by lightning twice, and that nothing, not even a —— mean rifle, could kill him.

CHAPTER IX.

OUR journey from Fort Bridger to Salt Lake was both difficult and disagreeable, especially when we had to travel throu h the sage-brush and grease-wood. When we had come to within a half mile of the lake we halted at "Weber cañon," a pass which for about a half mile seemed impracticable. Our four head men held a council. Reid and Donner declared it to be impossible for us to get through. My uncle and old man Pyle felt sure that we could; so there was a split. Reid and Donner turned, and trailed back for three days, and then crossed the mountains. We worked six days building a road, and got through on the seventh day. This put Reid and Donner ten days behind us. If they had helped us we would have got through on the fourth day. We then continued on round the south end of the lake, crossing the river Jordan, a small stream, which runs out of Utah lake into Salt Lake. We passed many beautiful springs, but on trial the water was found to be saltish, and we were distressed by want of good water till we reached a range of mountains, where we laid in a supply of fresh water

for the ninety-mile desert. We started on our passage over this desert in the early morning, trailed all day and all night, and all next day and next night, and on the morning of the third day our guide told us that water was still twenty-five miles distant. Our teams were so exhausted that they could not haul the wagons. We had to unyoke them and drive them to the water, and then back again to fetch the wagons. William Fowler here lost his seven yoke of oxen. The man who was in charge of them went to sleep, and the cattle turned back and recrossed the desert—or perhaps died there. Thus he was left with his two wagons, and no teams to haul them. It was a hard case, as he had a large family with him. He had married my sister, Malinda, after we left Fort Bridger. Then he had his mother, a half brother, and three sisters, one of whom was a Mrs. Hargrave (wife of John Hargrave, who died and was buried here), and her four small children. Also he had with him two brothers named Musgrave, one of whom was his stepfather. The rest of our company helped him with teams, and he managed to keep with us.

After having passed the desert, we found it necessary to rest our animals for three days, they were so exhausted and spirit-broken. On arriving at the

Humboldt river we found that Governor Bogg's party was some seventy miles in advance of us, the Fort Hall route being the better after all. My uncle searched all our wagons, and found that we had not half enough of provisions to take us through. He ordered me to mount my mule, which I had bought with the money earned in hemp-breaking; to take with me Tom Smith; to go on quickly in advance to Sutter's Fort, in California ; to get twelve head of Spanish cattle, and a supply of provisions, and to meet him and the party on the east side of the Sierra Nevada. He gave us a little flour and bacon to last till we should overtake Governor Boggs' party, and a letter to Sutter stating the condition of our company.

The Indians on the Humboldt were at this time hostile and very troublesome, killing the emigrants, and stealing their stock whenever they could get a chance. We managed to work our way down to the sink of the Humboldt without being attacked. A short time before we intended to camp, Smith having fallen a little behind, ran forward to me and said that some Indians had shot arrows at him. He was much frightened. I made him go back with me, and presently we saw some twenty Indians, who started to run. Tom and I

both fired, and brought down two of them. We then rode around a point of willows, and having watched them for a while, we mounted, and after eight or ten miles' travel, we camped, eat our supper, and slept for two or three hours. We were awakened by the snorting of the mules. On the frontier a mule is better than any watch-dog. If an Indian, or a bear, or wolf approaches one's camp, the mule is sure to give the alarm. So we were up in an instant, with our rifles ready. The night was clear and bright, and we could plainly see a party of Indians a short distance off. There were thirty or forty of them, and they had no brush or other means of hiding or lying in ambush. I told my companion to be of good courage, and keep cool, and that we must advance toward the savages and fire upon them. We did so, and shot two more of them. Tom had two pistols, and I had three. These we also fired at them, and they all ran off in a general stampede. From the number of our shots, they doubtless thought that we had been reinforced. We immediately reloaded our arms, saddled up, and went forward. Having travelled about half a mile, we found a board sticking by the side of the trail warning the emigrants that the Indians were hostile and dangerous. It stated that on the previous day

Governor Boggs' party had a severe fight with the Indians; that one man named Salley was killed in the fight, and Ben Lippincott badly wounded; that they had killed about forty Indians; that the savages fought with poisoned arrows, tipped with the venom of the rattlesnake; that many Indians had concentrated at this point to steal stock, and murder emigrants, and that they had buried Salley in the road, and run the wagons over the grave to conceal it. Notwithstanding these precautions, a few rods past this notice we found poor Salley's body. The savages had found the grave, dug him up, scalped him, and mutilated his body in a cruel manner.

CHAPTER X.

WE had now to begin another desert journey, there being forty miles of desert from the sink of the Humboldt to the Truckee river. We started early in the morning and traveled all day. At night we encamped at seven miles distance from the Truckee, at some brackish springs called Steamboat Springs. The grass was fair, and we found some wagons and people of Gov. Boggs' party. One of the men of this party named Savage here lost his wife. She died that night and was buried next morning. Our seven miles hence to the Truckee was very difficult, being all the way through deep sand. About noon we arrived at that river, and there overtook Gov. Boggs' company in camp attending to their wounded. To us, this overtaking our old friends seemed like coming home. We reported to Gov. Boggs the condition of our company and about our difficulties on the Hastings cut off, and also about the secession from us of Reid and Donner at the Weber cañon. Also, we told him of our experience with the savages on our road. He commended us highly, saying that our march down

the Humboldt through a country swarming with hostile savages, and our successful encounters with them, were most daring and showed true courage. In fact, he made heroes of us. He examined his wagons and found that he could spare our company 700 pounds of flour and some bacon, which I received, and hired a man named Bonsell to watch these provisions till our party should arrive. I gave him one of my pistols for his protection. He was a giant and as brave as a lion. He guarded these provisions alone for about two weeks, when our party reached him. I also got what I thought was enough flour and bacon to take us to Sutter's Fort, and thanking the Governor for his great kindness we started on our way to that place. When we camped on the second night I found that Tom had lost his bacon, so I had to divide with him, and soon there was none left. For the last three days we had only a little flour and water. When we arrived at Johnson's rancho, forty miles from Sutter's Fort, and heard the cocks crowing, and saw the pastures covered with fat cattle and horses, and with the view of the grand Sacramento valley spread out before us, I was reminded of my dream, which I have described, and of my grandmother's having foretold on her death-bed that I should be cured of my consumption

and be a well man. I traded my mule to Johnson for a pinto horse, and got from him some dried beef, but we found the latter to be so spoiled that notwithstanding our hunger we could not stomach it, and we threw it away.

Having arrived at the Fort, I presented my uncle's letter to Capt. Sutter, and explained to him the condition of our company and what we needed. He said he could not help us with cattle, as he had none of the kind which were suitable. He gave us enough provisions to take us back to our company, and also a letter to Capt. Cordua, who lived where Marysville now is, requesting that gentleman to furnish us with twelve head of cattle, and he (Sutter) would be responsible for them. On our presenting this letter to Cordua, he caused Nye, his vaquero, to rodeo the cattle and pick us out twelve of his choice oxen; and I have never seen a dozen finer cattle than he chose for us. I afterwards became intimate with Nye. He married a daughter of Mr. Graves. Next morning, when I went to get my horse to take the cattle from the corral and start back with them, I was astounded by Tom Smith's saying to me, "Jake, I am not going back again across those mountains. I can get twenty-five dollars a month to enlist with the recruiting officer, and join Fre-

mont's force and go with him to fight the Spaniards." I asked him what he supposed I could do without his help. He answered with an oath that he did not care what I should do, and that the company might all die before he would go back. For a time his answer stupefied me. I went to Capt. Cordua and told him how my comrade was treating me. Cordua declared that he ought to be shot. I answered that it would not do in this way to give Tom his deserts, as he had in our company a sister and her husband and their two children, and it would bring misery upon them. Cordua then made me turn my horse out, and gave me a fresh horse and two Indians to help me. Cordua was a German, and one of the best and most charitable men that I ever met.

CHAPTER XI.

ON my return eastward over the mountains, I reached Johnson's rancho on the first night, and encamped there. Next day I started early, and drove till dusk, as I wished to tire the cattle so that they would lie down and give me a chance to sleep. They would rest for two or three hours, and then try to go back home to their former range. I did not unsaddle my horse, but lay with my rope in my hand, and slept, as it were, with one eye open. My Indians slept soundly all night. I could then speak no Spanish, and could not give them orders. So they left me to do the greater part of the work.

On the third day I met Stanton and Pike of the Reid and Donner party. They were going to Sutter's Fort for provisions, and told me that the Donner party was over one hundred miles behind my company. I told them what a Judas Tom Smith was, and asked them if they were going to return and save the lives of the members of their company as I was doing for mine. Stanton declared that he would do so, or die in the attempt. The poor man kept his word, and died in doing as he had promised. At Bear valley, on the west side of the moun-

tains, we met a part of Governor Boggs' party, and camped with them. I told them of the beautiful land where I had been, and left them next morning full of desire to get there.

Upon the second bench of the mountains, about two miles from this camp, one of my largest steers suddenly became possessed of some evil spirit, and ran back to where we had passed the night. I tried every way to turn him and get him to go up the mountain with the rest, but without success. The parties with whom I had stayed the night previous were still in camp, and told me that if I would kill him they would buy the beef. I did so. The two Indians and I took what meat we needed, and that party paid me $80 for the rest. We crossed the mountain range without much further trouble, and met our company just beginning to come up with their teams so worn out that they could hardly walk. When my uncle saw me coming with such a fine lot of oxen, he ran to me, caught my hands in his, and wept for joy. He assembled the whole company, and told them that they should never forget the service which I had done them, but hold me in gratitude and respect during their whole lives. We yoked the Spanish cattle to the wagons, and got over the mountains with little trouble.

A few miles before we reached Johnson's rancho we met Stanton with two Indians, returning with supplies for the Reid and Donner party, and at night we encamped at that rancho, full of thanks, which we rendered where it was due, for our delivery from desert and mountain, and our happy arrival in our land of promise. The next morning, October 25, 1846, heavy rain fell. This rainfall must have been that, which in the shape of snow, stopped the Donner party on the east side of the Sierra. In the midst of the storm a man appeared riding slowly down the mountain toward our camp. On his reaching us, we recognized James F. Reid. He was nearly worn out with fatigue and suffering. We entertained and restored him as we best could. Reid gave us a full account of what had happened to the party of him and Donner after they left us at Weber cañon. He and Donner deeply regretted their not having stayed with us and helped us to build the road through that pass. He now saw that if they had done so, he and their whole party would have been safe through all their difficulties, as we were. He told us that after leaving us they went back some two days' travel, turned to the southwest, and crossed over a low depression in the Wahsatch range. They had a very hard time in

getting into Salt Lake valley, which they entered fifty miles south of where we did. In crossing the desert they were obliged to unyoke their cattle, drive them to water, and then return to bring on the wagons as we had done.

Reid's cattle got away like those belonging to Fowler of our company, and he thus lost sixteen head, leaving him with only a cow and a calf. The rest of the party furnished him with teams, and they all succeeded in reaching the Humboldt river. Here they took an inventory of their provisions, and found it necessary to put the whole party on short allowance, which must continue till Stanton could return from Sutter's Fort with supplies. This, together with their other troubles, made every one very irritable. They found the rocky ford of the Humboldt to be so difficult that they were obliged to double the teams in crossing, yoking six oxen to each wagon. Reid was absent hunting game, and Elliott was driving his team. During the work of crossing John Snyder and Elliott were quarrelling, and nearly fighting, when Reid returned from hunting. Snyder was whipping his own team very severely, and Reid remonstrated with him for his cruelty. Snyder answered abusively, and said Reid and he might settle the dispute at once. Reid told

him to wait till they got up the hill, but Snyder struck him on the head with the butt end of his ox-whip, and repeated his blows several times, drawing blood. Mrs. Reid ran toward them to stop the trouble, when Snyder struck her also. This so stirred Reid's Scotch-Irish blood, and enraged him so, that drawing his hunting-knife, he gave Snyder a thrust with it. The knife entered Snyder's left breast, cutting two ribs, entering the left lung, and inflicting a mortal wound, of which he died in about fifteen minutes. The whole company were much excited by this occurrence. Some of the members were for lynching Reid, and a wagon-tongue was put up, and other preparations made to hang him; but finally, after much discussion, it was determined not to hang him, but to make him leave the party without any food. He thereupon took his gray racing mare, bade his family farewell, and overtook us at Johnson's rancho, as I have stated. Reid told us he was bound for Sutter's Fort, and would return at once. He did not do so, however, but went to San José, and returned later.

CHAPTER XII.

AS to what afterwards happened to this Donner party, my information has been derived from the common report among us emigrants, and from conversations which I have had with many of those who were so fortunate as to escape. Stanton got back to them in safety, but the amount of provisions which he was able to convey was soon consumed. The party was camped near a lake which we then knew as "Truckee Lake," but is now known as "Donner Lake." They there built cabins and were all snowed in. Some said that the snow was twenty feet deep. They lived upon their starving cattle until the snow buried them. After this they had no meat, but cooked and ate hides and bones and offal of cattle, whose flesh had been previously consumed. They were suffering all the pains of starvation, and at last the flesh of those who died was eaten by the starving survivors. In that way, only, could they save their lives. Stanton took supplies to them through the deep snow twice. The last time he tried to return with a party of the strongest of those in the Donner camp, and two Indians who had gone over with him, but he became

snow-blind and died. The rest followed the two Indians who knew the way. One night the Indians slipped off and left them without other guide than the bloody tracks of the Indians' frozen feet. When the party got out of the snow they overtook the Indians, one of whom was already dead, and the other died within an hour after. This party all escaped except Stanton and one or two others, and the two Indians.

Stanton was a true hero. He endured all these labors and privations, and gave his life in order to aid and save this Donner party, not one member of which was of kin to him.

At last a relief party was sent by Commodore Sloat. There were seven men in this party. I knew most of them personally. There was Moultrey, Glover, the brothers Rhodes, Joe Still, Ned Copymire, and another whose name I forget. They started from Johnson's rancho, stopping at the snow line to make snow shoes. They then left their mules and all the provisions which they could not carry, and, with what they could carry on their backs, they made the journey of seventy miles over the snow to the Donner camps. The snow upon which they traveled was sometimes over fifteen feet deep. When they came near the camps they cried out to the survivors, and all who were able to move rushed out of

the cabins. Moultrey told us that they were in a dreadful condition and reduced almost to skeletons. He said that some wept and others prayed and returned thanks for this partial relief. They told the relief party of their months of suffering, with death constantly present with them. In some of the cabins the dead were lying unburied, and in many cases the flesh had been cut from them for food. Ten were already dead, and others were in a dying condition and too weak to eat. So it was thought best to take care of those who were still strong enough to be capable of recovery. The relief party had to guard the provisions from the poor starving souls. They distributed the food here and at the Donner family's camp, which was some distance off, retaining barely enough to supply the returning party. They formed this party of about twenty persons, mostly women and children, choosing those who were strong enough to get over the mountains. Many of the weak cried and begged to go also, but it was impossible to take them. Having passed over the mountains they arrived safely at Sutter's Fort. On the west side they met James F. Reid, with fifteen men, going with provisions to relieve those who from necessity had been left in the camps. Reid and his party were delayed for several days by a severe snow storm, and when they reached the camps they found that three more of the sufferers had died.

CHAPTER XIII.

AS I have stated, after Stanton died his party did not all get safely out of the mountains. They had nearly as bad a time as those who staid at the Donner camps. They got lost and were four days without food, and a fierce snow storm came on. They resolved that one of their number must be killed and his flesh used for food to save the lives of the rest. They cast lots to determine which one should be killed, and it fell upon Pat Dolan. He was a great favorite, and when it came to killing him not one of the party could do it. Just then F. W. Graves, who was of the party, became very sick and felt that he was about to die. He had three daughters with him. He called them and the rest of the company to him and told them that after his death they might eat his flesh; that they must do so or they, also, would surely die; that there would be no impropriety in their doing so, as it was justifiable in order to save their lives. Another of them, a young man named Foster, and also Mr. Fosdick, died and were eaten. It was a hard case, and a dreadful thing to think of or to do, but I judge it to

be justifiable, as it was their only resource, after having eaten their moccasins and every other animal substance that they could find. While in this condition of hunger Mr. Eddy killed a deer, which was at once completely consumed. They again got into a desperate condition of hunger, when of a sudden they came upon Stanton's two Indians, as has been stated, and they got out of the snow and were saved.

A fourth relief party afterward crossed to the Donner camps, and found only L. Keeseburg alive. He has been a noted character in connection with these dreadful disasters and sufferings. He was a German by birth; a strong, good-looking man, about six feet high, and when I knew him in his health he weighed about one hundred and eighty pounds. When this last relief arrived they found a horrible state of things. Bodies and parts of bodies in every condition of mutilation and decay lay scattered about. This party was believed to have gone over the mountains as much for gain as for charity to any who might still be surviving. Donner was reputed to be rich, and to have valuable goods in his wagons, and also a considerable sum of money; and it was known that one Halloran, who died on the desert, had left his money to Donner. This

party could find no money in any of the cabins or tents. They concluded that the Donner tents had been robbed. Keeseburg was not at the lake camps when the party arrived ; but they found his track leading to the Donner camp, and afterward tracked him back to the lake camp. They tried to force him to tell whether he had taken this money, and if so, what he had done with it. With a rope round his neck, they choked him, and threatened to hang him till he was dead, and at last he confessed that Mrs. Donner had intrusted him with $531 in gold and silver, and had charged him to give it to any of her family who might survive.

CHAPTER XIV.

I *KEPT* a hotel in Calistoga, Cal., in 1871. Keeseburg lived close by. I had become well acquainted with him on the way to California, particularly when we were on the "Hastings' Cut-off." At Calistoga we renewed our acquaintance. I saw him, and spoke to him frequently, and had good opportunity to learn whatever he would tell about himself in connection with that Donner camp. He said that when Fallon and his party came to the camp, where he was sole survivor, they treated him from the very first with great cruelty, and as a criminal. Of the whole of that party, Mr. Tucker was the only one who in any way befriended or protected him. He declared to me that the members of this party showed by their actions that they were in pursuit of gain, and had not come from any motive of charity. They obtained many valuable packages of goods from the Donner camp consisting of silks, delaines, and calicoes, besides other things of value. Each man would carry a package a little way, then lay it down, and return for another, and in this way they went over the snow three

times. Keeseburg said that in his weak state he could not keep up with them, but generally managed to get to their camp at night. He told me about finding the dead body of his little girl. He was dragging himself along far behind the others, and stopped to rest himself at a place which had been used as a camping-ground by one of the previous relief parties. He had with him some coffee, and having filled his little coffee-pot with snow, he set it on a fire which he had made, and sat waiting for the melted snow to boil. As he sat there he observed a little piece of calico which was uncovered by snow. Half thoughtlessly, partly from idle curiosity, he took hold of the cloth and pulled it. It did not come easily, and he gave it a strong pull. A heavy substance came toward him. It was the dead body of his little girl, who had been taken to cross the mountains by the previous relief party, and had died and been buried in the snow which, having somewhat melted, thus uncovered a part of her dress. This was the first information that he had received of his child's death. His residence in that dreary camp, and the dreadful necessities to which he and others had been reduced, had rendered him callous to death and suffering, but this brought home to him that he was yet a man, and with the

affections and weaknesses and responsibilities of a human being.

Another story which he told me was not of so melancholy a character. He said that just as they were getting out of the snow he was sitting alone in camp. All the others were away hunting. He was feeling glad that his escape from his suffering was so near. Of a sudden he was startled by a snuffing, growling noise, and, looking around, there was a big grizzly bear within a few feet of him. Keeseburg knew that he was too weak to escape, and so kept perfectly quiet where he sat. He was expecting every moment to be grabbed by the monster, when suddenly there was the sharp report of a rifle and the bear fell dead. Mr. Foster, one of the party, had chanced to be returning to camp, and seeing the bear he had crept up and killed it.

On arriving at Sutter's Fort, some of this party publicly reported that Keeseburg had murdered Mrs. Donner. Sutter acted like a friend to him, and advised him to bring an action against them for slander, which he did, against Fallon, Ned Copymire, and some others. The case was tried before Alcalde Sinclair and a jury, and Keeseburg gained the case, the jury giving him the nominal damages of one dollar.

I have never believed, and I have not known any of the old emigrants to believe, the stories which have been told on this subject. For instance, Fallon's story about his finding in Keeseburg's cabin two kettles full of fresh human blood. He did not attempt to prove this at the trial before Alcalde Sinclair, and how could blood have been taken from the poor, starved, dead bodies? Keeseburg had no cause to murder Mrs. Donner. He had enough to eat without killing her. She had been dead for so much time before Fallon arrived that her blood could not have been fresh, but must have already been coagulated and stale, and her body does not appear to have been in any manner mutilated. Keeseburg told me that she never eat of the human flesh, but preferred to die of hunger, although he, himself, offered her some, and urged her to eat it to save her life. His being forced to disgorge the $531 was the ugliest thing in his whole conduct, but he assured me that Mrs. Donner had intrusted him with that money, and charged him to deliver it to the surviving members of her family. When I knew Keeseburg on the desert, I observed him to be a man, I may say, of much eccentricity. He kept himself greatly to himself, and his unsociable ways made him unpopular with his fellow emigrants. I

have thought him to have been predisposed to derangement of mind, and surely his dreadful suffering and experience at the starved camps might have unsettled almost anyone's mind. When I again became intimate with him, in Calistoga, his mind continually dwelt on the occurrences in that camp. In our conversations he would always recur to them. He looked upon himself as a man predestined to misfortune. He would recall the fact that, in his business relations with Sutter, Brannan, Gen. Vallejo and others, no man could question his honesty and integrity. Several times he had acquired a considerable amount of property, but had lost it by no fault or act of his own. Once, in Sacramento City, from being rich he was ruined by the great flood, and again, in the same place, he was made a poor man by the fire of 1852, which destroyed nearly the whole of that city.

I have known several men who have become more or less insane from allowing their minds to dwell continually on some one subject—some real or fancied grievance. Such I believe to have been the case with Dr. Powers, whom I will mention hereafter in this book, and I believe that Keeseburg became unsettled in the same way. He said that the treatment which, from the first, he received from Fallon and some of his party made him refuse to

tell them anything, till they choked him into it with a rope around his neck. He declared that he would have faithfully executed the trust with which Mrs. Donner encharged him. That he respected her greatly, and never did an evil thing in regard to her. He said she was a true, good woman, and might have got out with one of the first relief parties, but she refused to leave her husband and stayed to die with him. I have never believed in the truth of the terrible charges which were brought against this man, and I know that many of the old emigrants who, perhaps, knew the facts of his case better than myself, would give him the same verdict as myself—*Not guilty.*

CHAPTER XV.

I *HAVE* several times mentioned Mr. Pyle as "old man Pyle." He was one of the seniors of our emigrant company. He and his family all arrived in California safely. His daughters were among the young ladies with whom we young men used to dance on the prairies, and who enlivened our otherwise tedious journey. His son, Edward, married one of the daughters of Mr. Graves, whom I have previously mentioned. Edward was an intimate friend of mine. The family settled in San José. One day, in looking for a stray mare, he found her in a corral among some horses belonging to a Mexican known as Mariano; at least, I never knew him by any other name. A son of this Mexican lassoed the horse upon which young Pyle was riding, and threw it down, breaking its leg. The father then told his son to also lasso Pyle and kill him, or they would have to pay for the horse. The young man was mounted, and lassoed Pyle by the neck, starting his horse on the gallop, and dragging Pyle for about a mile toward a small creek that runs into the Guadalupe river. While dragging his vic-

tim, he looked back and saw the face distorted and the tongue protruding, which horrified him, but he went on, and threw the body into the dry bed of the creek. Then he went and reported what he had done to his father, who went back with him, taking with them a bow and arrows. When they arrived at the place where the young Mexican had thrown the body, they found Pyle alive and sitting on a heap of drift-wood. He begged for his life, but they barbarously murdered and mutilated him, and shot a number of arrows into his dead body—probably to make it appear that Indians had done the deed. The old Mexican died soon after, and thus escaped earthly punishment. The son ran away to Lower California, but his conscience so troubled him that in a few months he returned and confessed the whole matter. He said that the appearance of his victim's countenance never left him by day or night, and he wished to die. He was condemned in Alcalde Burton's court in San José, and hanged; that being, I believe, the first occasion of the infliction of capital punishment in San José.

Another man with whom I became well acquainted during our troubles in the mountains was John Stark. He went from California over to "starved camp" in the same relief party with McCutcheon

and Stone, and the old mountaineer, Greenwood. When they got over to the camp they deliberated whether they should stay with the sufferers till another relief party should come, or take those who were able to travel and convey them across the mountains over the snow. All but Stark agreed on the latter course. He refused, and said that he would not abandon those people; that the rest might go if they liked, but he would stay with them. So he alone remained. To him many owed their lives. I think there was no man then in California who possessed the qualities of intelligence, determination, and at the same time, physical strength and courage in the same degree with John Stark. I believe he was stronger than any two of us, and as the common saying is, "he would do to tie to." What he did was done with so much good humor and willingness that his help was doubly agreeable to those who received it. It was said that in passing over the mountain snows he would carry a great part of the provisions and blankets, and sometimes also some of the weaker children. The latter he would take forward a little way, and return for others. He would cheer and encourage them and the rest, and would laugh and say they were so wasted and light that he believed if there was room

on his back he could carry them all. While at the camp young James F. Breen's feet had been both frozen and burned, and he and Jonathan Graves, then little boys, were thus carried by Stark the greater part of the way over the mountains. On arriving at Sutter's Fort a surgeon was sought to amputate James' disabled feet. Fortunately for him, no doctor was at hand, and nature and youth effected the cure, in which, probably, professional skill would have failed.

Stark was of a Virginia family, which settled in Kentucky in Daniel Boone's time. In fact, I believe one of his family married a near relative of that noted pioneer. The family moved over to Wayne county, Indiana, where John was born in 1817, as was I myself eleven years afterward. Stark was a large, powerful man, weighing some two hundred and twenty pounds. He made his California home in Napa county, of which he was sheriff for several terms, and also represented that county in the state legislature. He died suddenly near Calistoga in 1875 of heart disease. His death was instantaneous, and occurred when he was at work pitching hay from a wagon. He left a large family, most or all of whom yet live in that county. Like Stanton, he was a true hero, and endured all the hard-

ships incident to the rescue of the sufferers at "starved camp" without being connected by any family tie with any of them. In fact, I believe he was not even personally acquainted with any of them until he rendered them that great service.

Probably about twenty members of the Reid and Donner party yet survive. James F. Reid lived in San José, where he was much respected till his death, on Nov. 24th, 1874. His wife died at the same place on July 24th, 1861.

In dismissing this matter of the "starved camp" tragedy, I cannot but again advert to the fact that if Reid and Donner had stayed with Mr. Pyle and my uncle, and helped us to make the road through Weber cañon, they would have got through in safety, and both they and we, by arriving at the mountains so many days earlier, would have escaped many other troubles which afflicted us. Hastings was not to blame in this. He told Reid and Donner that he did not know the route which they wished to take, having never been over it. The blunder of all of us lay in our leaving the Fort Hall road, which was a well known and an easier route, and this is an illustration of the truth of the adage,

"While you have a highway
Never take a bye way,
E'en tho' it be a nigh way."

CHAPTER XVI.

PERHAPS I owe apology to the reader for the foregoing long story about the Reid and Donner unfortunates, but I was so intimately acquainted with many of them, and there is so much to say about them, that I find it even difficult to avoid saying more.

To return to my own narrative. After arriving at Johnson's rancho, as I have stated, heavy rain fell. On Oct. 26th the rain ceased and Capt. Cordua met us, as agreed upon, to receive pay for his oxen which I had received from him, and which had enabled our company to successfully pass the mountains. My uncle retained these animals and gave Cordua American oxen for them, with which Cordua was well pleased. He reported that the two Indians who had been sent to help me drive the cattle over to the east side of the mountains had gone home in safety, and had brought back to him the horse which he had lent me to use in place of my own. My uncle then directed me to go by way of Sutter's Fort and Yerba Buena to the Missions of Santa Clara and San José, in order to engage house room

at one of those Missions, in which the company could live during the coming winter. I consented to go, if he would send another man with me. Therefore, he detailed John Van Gordan, his son-in-law, to accompany me. Here is where I missed my horse, which I had left at Cordua's. We both had to go on foot, and we were well loaded. John carried his two pairs of blankets, his pistol and rifle. I bore one pair of blankets, a buffalo robe, and my rifle and brace of pistols. Our first night's camp was on Feather River, "Rio de las Plumas," as the Spaniards called it, and they named it well. The whole country was covered with wild geese and brants. When they rose and flew, the whole sky appeared to be darkened by them. John joked about it, and said the birds might attack us and eat us, but we had been through too much of rough experience to be scared by a lot of geese.

Arriving at the Fort, Capt. Sutter bade us stay there all night, and said the next day he would give us a passage to Yerba Buena in his launch. While waiting at the fort we were astonished to see how the young Indians were fed. There was a mill at the fort for grinding, or rather crushing, the grain. This, without being sifted or bolted, was boiled till it formed a kind of mush, which was poured into a

long trough. There were some seventy or eighty young Indians, aged from three to eight or nine years, and these got down on their knees beside the trough and lapped the mush, like so many dogs. To me, it was an odd and not very pleasant sight.

Next morning we set sail on the launch, which was the only craft which at that time ran on the Sacramento river. When we arrived at Suisun Bay the wind died away and we lay becalmed all night. The atmosphere seemed made of mosquitos, which rose in clouds from the tules. I felt that I was being relieved of a goodly portion of my blood. If anyone ever passes the night among those swarms of insects, and does not remember it all his life, he must have a thick hide and a short memory.

We landed at Yerba Buena on Oct. 24th. Since then the name has been changed to San Francisco. At that time, what is now a great city was a little, dirty looking village of, probably, 100 houses. About a dozen vessels were lying in the harbor. We were not charmed with the appearance of the place, and we liked it the less from our being hungry, and John having but half a dollar, and I, as the boys say, "nary red." We went to a small bakery and bought the half dollar's worth of bread. In going about I met

James Savage, of whom I have spoken as having lost his wife on the Humboldt desert. In our talk he learned that we were flat broke, and that we had to go to Santa Clara Mission. He said that he needed a pistol, and offered me $2.50 for one of mine. I gladly sold it to him, and thanked him besides. We then set off on our journey. On arriving at the Mission Dolores, we met Daniel Murphy, who was gathering horses for Fremont. He told us that he could give us horses to ride on, but he had no saddles. Finally, he some way got an old saddle tree for me, and John not being able to get one, had to ride bare back. In this way we traveled until we arrived at San Francisquito creek, where we halted for the night, at Secundino Robles' rancho. The men of this rancho had all gone to the war and the house was full of women, who made supper for us all. We were twelve in number. We had tortillas, frijoles, and carne seca, stewed up, with chile colorado. My readers may translate these terms for themselves. To me, it was all very delicious till I helped myself to what I thought was a dish of tomatoes. It was pure chile—red pepper. It was fire itself. I was burning all the way down and up and every other way. I jumped from the table and ran for the creek. Finally, by copious use of

the cold water, I quenched the heat, and went back to the house to find all the women laughing at me.

After supper a Spaniard took to playing on the guitar, and set Dan Murphy and his men to dancing and waltzing with the women of the house, which they kept up till two or three o'clock in the morning, when John and I fell asleep. Next morning we were too sore to ride without saddles; so went on foot the rest of the distance to Santa Clara, where we found a number of emigrants, who had come by way of Fort Hall. We then continued around the head of San Francisco bay to the San José mission. When about where Milpitas now is our odd appearance attracted the observation of a large body of wild Spanish cattle. They appeared curious to investigate John with his blankets on his back, and me with the buffalo robe heaped up on mine. The cattle charged us on the run, and we also ran. I climbed a tree quickly, but John was very tired, and was slow about it. They came near catching him, when I cried out to him to shoot and scare them away. He did so, and killed one of them, and the rest were frightened by the report and fled. On arriving at the mission of San José we met Henry C. Smith and his brother, N. B. Smith, from San José, Mich.; also Mr. Mendenhall.

who afterward laid out the town of Livermore, Alameda county.

Smith gave us our first introduction to the fruit of the cactus—*tunas*, as the Spaniards call them. He gave some to John and me without telling us of the thorns which are upon them, and on trying to eat them our mouths were filled with those thorns. The pain was great; worse than that of the red pepper, and Smith never forgot the left-handed blessing which we gave him for playing us such a shabby trick.

CHAPTER XVII.

WE returned to the pueblo of San José, and John determined to stay there till our friends should come from Sutter's Fort. He died there soon afterward. At San José I met L. W. Hastings, whom I have mentioned as the man who advised us to leave the Fort Hall road and take the new cut-off recommended by him. I told him of our troubles, and the Reid and Donner calamities, which resulted from following his advice. Of course he could say nothing but that he was very sorry, and that he meant well. He had just finished raising a company of eighty-seven mounted riflemen to join Frémont, and they were ready to march southward. He asked me to join his company, saying that he had one man who had been with him for one month and had a month's pay due him; that this man was sick, and could not go, and that if I would take his place the man would give me that month's pay, and that from the time of my joining I would get $25 per month. I reflected that I had done all that my uncle had required me to do, and I was free to do what I thought best for myself. So

I enlisted with Hastings on the above terms. He then told me to go the corral and choose my horse from a band, which he had there. In the corral I observed a fine dapple gray horse, which I thought would just suit me, and I told the vaquero who was in charge of the band to lasso him for me, which he did. The vaquero helped me to saddle him, and tie on my buffalo robe and blanket behind the saddle. I led him out of the corral in front of the company. As I did so, and was preparing to mount, I heard the vaquero grumbling that this horse was the very devil, and that surely I would be thrown and hurt. I mounted with my rifle in front of me. The captain told me to give him the spur, and then we had a circus. With the first plunge my rifle flew to a good distance, and in falling the stock was broken in two. He continued to buck, charging right through the company, which parted to right and left to let him pass. One of the strings which tied on my blanket and buffalo robe parted, and let them hang down on one side by his flank. He kept on buck-jumping till he tired himself out without throwing me. When I at last got him stopped, Captain Hastings rode up and asked if I was hurt. I answered that I did not know, but my neck felt a little loose, and I did not know but that it might be

slightly broken. He laughed, and praised my horsemanship, saying that many of the company had tried to ride that horse and had got thrown; that he was glad to enlist so good a horseman. I thanked him for all this, but said that if it was agreeable to him I would try another horse, which I did. The captain gave me a new rifle, and I went with the company to the mission of San Juan Bautista. Here we met Captain Burris' company retreating from the native Californian force, with which they had been fighting on the Salinas plains near where the town of Salinas now is. Captain Burris had been killed in the fight with six others of his company, two of whom had crossed the plains with me. Several others had been badly wounded by the lance. In this fight Burris was outnumbered, having about sixty men, while the native Californians numbered over one hundred and fifty.

On our arrival the natives dispersed or retired. Lieutenant Thompson took the place of Burris as captain. On the next day we took up our march for Monterey to join Frémont's battalion, which, with our arrival, was completed, and consisted of five hundred and forty officers and privates. Of the field officers I only remember by name Colonel Frémont and Major Reading, who was paymaster, and

Major Russell, who was Frémont's aid-de-camp, and also had some charge of the arms and ammunition. The force may have been a few less, as some were away on detached duty.

The captains I knew better than the field officers. Company A was the best company in the battalion. It was composed of Frémont's old overlanders and trappers, and was commanded by Captain Owens, who had been with him during his explorations in the mountains. If I remember rightly, this company also acted as guard of the artillery; then Captain Ford, company B; Captain Swift, company C; Captain Sears, company D; Captain Grigsby, company E; Captain Hastings, company F; Captain Thompson, company G; Captain Truckee, company H.

I was in F company under Captain Hastings. H company was made up mostly of Oregon Indians, the chief, Truckee, being in command, but with him were also some white officers, whose names I do not recall.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MY first impression of Frémont was not quite favorable. I had been always under older men, and he seemed to me to be too young to command in such a piece of work as that which he had undertaken. Afterward I learned that he was more of a man than I at first supposed. His age was twenty-six or twenty-seven years. He was rather spare-built, weighing, perhaps, one hundred and fifty pounds, and his height might be about five feet nine inches. His complexion was fair, with keen blue eyes, and Romanish nose, and brown hair parted in the middle like a woman's. His carriage was erect, and not without dignity. On the whole, I learned to like the colonel as a commander, and from what little I knew of him, also as a man.

Major Russell I knew better than any of the officers except Hastings. I had known the former on the "Hastings' cut-off" from Fort Bridger to Salt Lake. He was about fifty years old, and was a large, portly gentlemen. He was of rather dark complexion, and what hair he had was gray. He was a good talker. He came from Callaway county, Mis-

souri, but, I think, was a Kentuckian. When I knew him in the desert he had no wagons, but traveled with pack-mules.

The officer that I thought to be more of a man than any in the whole force was Major Reading. If I had had my choice I would rather have gone with him into positions of danger and difficulty than with Frémont or any of them. His age at that that time must have been about twenty-nine years. He was a strong, lithe man, weighing, perhaps, one hundred and seventy-five or one hundred and eighty pounds, and over six feet high. He was of dark complexion, with black hair and eyes, and a sharp, keen look, which seemed to go through one. He was a good frontierman, and physically and otherwise he looked as if he could stand any strain that might be put upon him. In his manners he was very polite and formal, and I have heard persons tell queer yarns about the ceremonies, and scrapings, and bowings which passed between him and Colonel Mason, when he carried to the latter a challenge to fight a duel with Frémont. Mason was noted as a first-class wing-shot, and would have riddled Frémont with his double-barreled gun and buckshot, but it was said that Reading found that Frémont could not have hit the side of a hay-

stack. If I remember rightly, Mason at first accepted the challenge, but afterward found that his official position would not permit him to fight, and so declined. I understood that some regular officers were much disgusted at his refusal to fight Frémont.

We remained at Monterey two days, and then marched for Los Angeles. Provisions were rather scarce, and before we reached the San Miguel mission we were living solely on beef. Each day twelve beeves were killed, and every man roasted his ration at the camp-fire. This caused us all to have a keen craving for bread.

The day before we reached this mission I was detailed, with twenty-four others, to go forward and spy out the mission and its surroundings. When we got there our captain demanded bread from an Englishman named Reid, who lived there, and was married to a Spanish woman. They had no bread, but Reid told us to take some of his wheat and grind it for ourselves in a big coffee-mill. We did so, and his wife made us a quantity of tortillas, which we enjoyed as only men can who have been for many days on an exclusive meat diet.

After our meal we overheard a man—I believe a Frenchman—cursing the Americans and their flag. Our interpreter took him to our captain to explain

his conduct, when he swore and declared that he would curse them, and that he did not fear any or all of them. The captain then arrested him for his violent language and conduct, and his encouraging hostility in the natives. He was tried by court martial, and sentenced to receive twenty-six lashes with a reata. An Oregon half-breed (French and Indian) gave him a few stripes, when the doctor interceded for him, and he was let off from further punishment on his promising to behave better in future, and let the Americans and their flag alone. Here we had no beef or bread, but a change of diet, our breakfast being roast mutton!

At Santa Margarita, in the morning, two Indians were stopped in passing through our camp, driving an ox team yoked to a cart with solid wooden wheels. One of these Indians was standing up driving the oxen with a long goad with a sharp spike in its end. This was a more effective persuader than our ox whips, and made the steers travel up like a horse team. The other Indian was sitting down in the cart. They were stopped and examined, and upon the person of the one who was sitting was found a letter written by Totoy Pico to a person in Monterey, whose name I forget, asking information about Frémont; whither our force was marching, and what

were our numbers ; and stating other matters, which showed that Totoy Pico had turned traitor, he having previously surrendered, and taken an oath of allegiance to the United States, and that this Indian was a spy. As such, he was tried and sentenced to be shot. Ten men were chosen from the different companies to shoot him. Five of the rifles were loaded with ball and five without ball, none of the party knowing whether his rifle was loaded with ball or was blank. Then the Indian was told that these men were going to shoot him, and he answered "Bueno." He was then shown a tree, and told to go to it, and turn his back to it, and face the firing party. He obeyed, and walked up to the tree with entire coolness and indifference. He was then tied firmly to the tree with a reata and shot. I did not like the shooting of this Indian. He might have been a spy, but the poor devil should have been kept a while, and then let go, and I was glad that I was not one of those detailed to kill him. It was said that he had been fairly educated at the mission of San Luis Obispo, and could read and write better than many of ourselves.

CHAPTER XIX.

FROM this place twenty-five men were detailed to go to Totoy Pico's residence to capture him, and bring him to San Luis Obispo. Accordingly they went to his house, which was about twenty-miles off, and searched it, at first without success. His wife and daughters declared that he was not at home, and that they did not know where he was. The searching party was about to give up looking for him, when a trap door was found under a bed. This on being opened was found to lead down to a small cellar, in which Mr. Pico was found squatted in a dark corner. He was arrested and brought to camp, his wife and daughters being permitted to accompany him. He was put under guard for the night, and next day was tried and sentenced to be shot at three o'clock P. M. of that day.

This sentence caused great consternation among the Spanish people of the mission. The priest and Mrs. Pico and her daughters came to Colonel Frémont, and on their knees begged and prayed that Pico's life be spared. I saw them as they came and went, and their weeping and distress would have

melted the hardest heart. Meanwhile Pico was pleading his own case. He said that if Frémont would spare his life and trust him he could and would put speedy end to the war in California ; that Andrés Pico, the native Californian general, was his cousin, and that if he should be permitted to go to the mission of San Fernando, where that general was with his forces, he would so arrange that the whole native army would surrender to Frémont, and stop the war. Frémont agreed to this, and Pico's life was spared.

The next day, before we marched, the priest made a complaint that the church had been robbed, and a little golden image of Christ had been stolen. The whole force was ordered to form in single rank that the officers should search every man, and that the person upon whom the image might be found should be shot; but the stolen image could not be found. Then it was ordered that whoever had stolen it should not be shot, but should be drummed out of the force in disgrace. Finally, it was discovered that a man named Smith of Captain Grigsby's company was the culprit. His manner had made him suspected from the first, and under pressure he confessed, and went with some of his company officers and dug the image out of ground, where he had

buried it. He was accordingly drummed out of the company. The image was duly restored to the priest, who received it most thankfully, and with great rejoicing of all his flock at the mission. Some of us heretics thought it was too great a fuss to be made about what appeared to us to be but a doll. We then proceeded on our march with the addition to Frémont's staff of Totoy Pico, who rode beside our colonel, dressed in finest Spanish style, and with his serape, sombrero, and silver-mounted saddle and spurs, and his fine horsemanship attracted the admiration of the whole command.

On our arrival at the Santa Inez mountain rain fell in torrents, so that it was almost impossible to get the artillery over. The horses and pack animals mired down, and a large number of them that gave out and could go no farther were left to die.

After passing the summit we found the descent very difficult. What with steepness and slipperiness it took an expert person to get down without falling. In fact the descent of many of us was by sliding down on our posteriors. Among the rest who came down by force of their own gravity was Major Russell, who, as I have said, was a portly, heavy man, and was always nice and careful of his person and dress. He was still on the mountain, and we

boys, who had slid down, watched with much curiosity to see how he with his nice uniform would make the downward passage. He was coming down slowly and dignifiedly when all of a sudden there was a slip and a stagger, his feet flew from under him, and down he came with railroad speed, and was unable to put on the brakes and stop till he landed within fifty feet of the camp, puffing and blowing and covered with mud, to the great admiration and fun of us young men. Nevertheless, although we used to laugh about some of the major's peculiarities, we respected him. He was a gentleman.

CHAPTER XX.

AFTER passing this mountain our animals were in such a condition that Frémont gave orders that the whole force must dismount and march on foot. In fact many of the men had no riding animals, so many horses had died. Frémont set the example, and marched on foot himself for some time, as also did his staff and the other officers, and we privates liked them the better for it.

On that night we had a good camping ground. Many Spanish scouts had been seen hovering around our line of march, and we were all ordered to sleep on our arms as, to all appearance, there was risk of our being attacked. The night was dark and cloudy and double guards were posted. About midnight the whole camp was aroused by the report of the rifle of one of the outside sentinels. In a moment the whole force was up and in order for attack or defense. By this time we were under pretty good discipline. On examination the alarm proved to be without cause; the sentinel who fired was rather green but a very good fellow. He stated that he was sure that a man rode up near him in the dark, that

he hailed this man three times without getting an answer, upon which he fired and thought he had killed the intruder. On examining into the cause of all this alarm it was found that he had killed a jackass. He was not punished otherwise than by being laughed at and teased, as it was so dark it was thought that it might be difficult to distinguish between the human donkey and the other kind.

Next day we arrived at Santa Barbara and camped a short distance out of that town. Men and animals were much tired from the hard work and marching of the preceding few days. A strong guard was set and strict orders given that no one go to town, or outside our lines. I had a comrade named David Williamson. He was by trade a cabinet maker. He came from Cincinnati, Ohio, and had crossed the plains with my uncle. We slept together in camp and were very intimate. He was about thirty years old and I only eighteen—so that he had some influence over me. When we were in camp near Santa Barbara, he suggested that we pass the guards and go to the town. I did not care to visit the little adobe place and refused, saying that it would be a breach of orders, and the sentinels would likely kill us. However, he persuaded me, and we started for the town. When we came to

the first sentinel Dave told him we were sent to get some firewood, and he told the second sentinel the same. They let us pass, and then our road was clear, and we made a run for the town. Fortunately, for us, we met an old Englishman who had a Spanish wife. He said we were in much danger, that there were native soldiers in the town who would kill us if we should be taken, but that he would hide us in his house till those soldiers should go away.

Our old protector told us that there were two hundred of these soldiers who were watching every move made by Frémont's force. They left Santa Barbara about midnight, and then the old Englishman told us to get back to our camp as fast as possible, as the Spaniards might return. This we did, passing the guards as before, and as we lay down in our blankets I told Dave that next time he wanted to break orders he must go himself without me. Next morning I believe I was the most tired man in the force. Even gun fire did not waken me, and Dave had to shake me well to rouse me. That morning about two hundred fresh horses were driven into camp, so that we all got mounted again.

Among these horses was one beautiful black stallion with mane and tail nearly reaching the ground, and gallant carriage. He was the model of a per-

fect horse. Frémont at once fell in love with him, and ordered his vaquero to break him to saddle. This vaquero was a first rate rider and horse breaker. He had never been known to be thrown from a horse. He was half Indian, and Frémont set great store by him. We all watched him as he prepared to mount. He lassoed the horse, then after some trouble in getting close up to his head the vaquero got a blind over his eyes—the Spaniards call it a "tapojo," and it is a broad piece of leather, usually made to slide up and down on the cheek strap of the head stall—then he got the saddle on and well girthed, and he mounted. He raised the tapojo from the horse's eyes; then the animal jumped high up in the air, and came down with a slam and a plunge as if he would go down into the earth. He continued plunging and buck-jumping for more than a mile all around and through the camp without unseating his rider. There was a large tree close to Frémont's tent, the horse ran under it, a limb struck the vaquero on the breast and he fell upon the ground dead. Among the Spanish Californians there were many excellent riders, but even among them I have seen few horsemen equal to this man. From the colonel down, his death was lamented by the whole force. His body was decently buried, and Frémont ordered the horse to be turned loose with the wild mares.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE battalion proceeded to the mission of San Buenaventura, where we encamped, and next morning about two hundred native cavalry made their appearance in the Santa Clara Valley. It was supposed that this was the advanced guard of the whole native force ; they approached us to about the distance of half a mile. Major Russell rode towards them and Captain Truckee followed him closely. The Spaniards let them approach, perhaps, half way between them and us, and then made a rush for our two officers. Old Truckee fired his rifle at them and ran toward our camp. Major Russell spurred his horse to his swiftest speed in the same direction, but they would both have been lanced had not Frémont caused a cannon to be fired at the pursuers who thereupon halted and turned back. Major Russell lost his hat and galloped into camp with his bald head shining like a billiard ball. We boys in the ranks enjoyed all this as great fun.

We marched on to near the mission of San Fernando, where we were within three quarters of a mile of General Andrés Pico's forces posted at the

mission, and eight hundred strong. A halt was then ordered, and Frémont, and his aids, and Totoy Pico went forward half way and there met General Pico and some of his officers in full view of both forces. They met with much ceremony, and remained consulting about three hours, and then returned to their respective forces, and Frémont announced, in a general order, that the enemy had surrendered, peace was made, and no more fighting would take place. We were then ordered to march to Los Angeles and from there to the San Gabriel mission, where we would remain until discharged from service.

On arriving at this mission a grand reception was given to Frémont and his officers by the Spanish officials and their friends. There was a grand supper and dancing and waltzing and music and goings on till early in the morning. We privates, of course, took no part in the dancing and waltzing. Our fun came in various other shapes. Here we learned about General Kearny's arrival in California from New Mexico, and of his fight at San Pascual with a native Californian force, commanded by this same General Andrés Pico, and that he had lost many men and officers in killed and wounded—the General himself being severely wounded. When they

arrived they were not aware that General Pico had already surrendered and yieldcd up California to the United States. With this force came Kit Carson. He wore his mountaineer dress and looked as savage as any wild Indian, yet he was a very quiet, sociable gentleman. He gave us much entertaining information about his adventurous life.

Frémont and his officers had headquarters at Los Angeles. Here a difficulty arose between him and General Kearny. We understood that Kearny was disgusted about Frémont's having made peace without consulting him ; Frémont being an officer of inferior rank. Matters got pretty hot between them, but all their controversy has been fully ventilated in works of greater pretension than this little account of mine.

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CHAPTER XXII.

WE went into quarters at San Gabriel mission in the beginning of January 1847, and the men had a great time gambling and drinking with the Spanish men, and carousing and frolicing with the women. I kept pretty well aloof from all this; I didn't like it.

On March 1st, four hundred men were paid off and discharged. I also wished to be discharged, but Frémont wished to retain one hundred men at the mission, and I was informed that I was to be one of them. I went to him and spoke to him about it. He spoke very kindly to me. He said he wished one company to remain for six weeks or two months longer; that he had received a good account of me from my company officers, and he wished me to stay to the last; that he would discharge the rest of my company and transfer me to Captain Swift's company which would remain. Of course I felt highly complimented, and said I would remain as he desired.

While here I went to a Spanish rancho under invitation from a man that lived there. He was an

Englishman, a sailor, and spoke Spanish fluently. I knew little or no Spanish. We had dinner cooked in true Spanish style, far better than my meal at the Robles rancho, with its pepper and garlic. Beyond anything, however, that I saw at this place I admired the girls. They were beauties. I got the sailor to tell them how I admired them, and how I would like to associate with them, etc., if I could only speak their language. They laughed, and answered that it would be easy for me to learn; and that I would soon be able to speak if I would come and see them often, which I promised to do, an old lady adding that the best way to learn Spanish was to get *una diccionaria*, which my sailor explained by saying that the old lady recommended me to get a female dictionary—a Spanish girl—and learn from her. I was not ready for that, and made no reply. In fact, I was somewhat bashful, and quite dumbfounded, and the girls were evidently inclined to make fun of me. After a great deal of talk, most of which I did not understand, it was time to go. So we mounted our horses and said *adios* to the ladies, and were about to start, when I found that I had not put on my spurs, which were lying on the ground near the door. In my vanity I wished to show what a good horseman I

was, and reached down to pick up the spurs from the ground. But, alas, for my horsemanship. I fell off and landed on the ground, flat on my back. As I got up I found the girls laughing as hard as they could at me. I never was more mortified in my life. I never went back to that place.

During this time several of General Kearny's men used to come to our camp. Some of them had been in the war in Mexico, and one of them gave me a poem, which struck me as being very beautiful. I do not know who made it, but at all events, it suited my taste, and even at this present writing I have not forgotten it as he used to give it. It is as follows:

The moon shone but dimly
 Upon the battle-plain.
A gentle breeze fanned softly
 O'er the features of the slain.
The guns had hushed their thunder,
 The drums in silence lay.
Then came the señorita,
 The Maid of Monterey.

She cast a look of anguish
 On the dying and the dead,
And made her lap a pillow
 For those who mourned and bled.
Now here's to that bright beauty,
 Who drives death's pangs away,
The meek-eyed señorita,
 The Maid of Monterey.

Although she loved her country,
And prayed that it might live,
Yet for the foreign soldier
She had a tear to give.
And when the dying soldier
In her bright gleam did pray
He blessed this señorita,
The Maid of Monterey.

She gave the thirsty water,
And dressed each bleeding wound
A fervent prayer she uttered
For those whom death had doomed.
And when the bugle sounded,
Just at the dawn of day,
They blessed this señorita,
The Maid of Monterey.

CHAPTER XXIII.

WHILE I stayed at the mission, after the discharge of the four hundred men, I had but little to do, and had time to observe the native Californian mode of cultivating the soil. They were plowing and sowing wheat, barley, beans, corn, pepper, potatoes, tobacco, and other vegetables. What interested me most was the rudeness of their farming tools. The plow was a forked stick or tree-crotch about twelve feet long. The upright limb was the handle, and the lower limb was the land-side, and the point where the two limbs joined was shod with a sharp point of iron something like a cultivator tooth, and six inches or more in breadth. Attached to this plow was a pair of oxen, yoked not with the American ox-bow and yoke, but their yoke was a single piece of wood, cut to fit the back of the oxen's heads, and fastened to the horns with straps of raw hide. Two men managed this machine. One held the upright limb of the fork, and so guided the plow, and the other drove the oxen with a long goad having a sharp iron point, which he stuck into the animals and made them pull the

plow rapidly. With this plow the ground was only scratched a little, some of it not even that, but the soil was new and very rich, and in this way they managed to raise fine crops.

When I first saw the Californian ox yoke it appeared to me to be a very rude and imperfect thing; but, after I had seen it in use, I changed my opinion of it. To me it was extraordinary to see the loads which the active Californian oxen could move with this yoke. In time, I came to the same conclusion with a very intelligent native ranchero, who said that other things being equal he could with his oxen, so yoked, haul as heavy a load as any ox team could with our bow yoke. He said that for a long journey like that across the plains, he would prefer the American yoke as giving the animals more freedom, but for a dead pull he preferred his own yoke. I myself have seen the native cattle yoked in Spanish style haul loads which it would have troubled our cattle to move when yoked in our way.

I remained stationed at San Gabriel mission till April 13, 1847, when orders were given that we should all mount and go to Los Angeles to receive our discharge—no unwelcome news to me. Colonel Frémont's headquarters were at Los Angeles, and Major Reading gave us our discharge and our

pay. We received from him $20 each, in cash, and for the rest of the pay due to us we received government scrip. My scrip amounted on its face to $148.78.

I then bade farewell to Major Reading, as did all the soldiers. We all liked him, and respected him as a thorough gentleman. From this scrip I was destined to receive but little benefit. On my arrival in the north I gave all my papers, including this scrip, to my uncle, George Harlan, for safe keeping. He died in 1850, and his executor drew my money from the United States government in 1854. From this executor I never received the money thus obtained, nor have I received any account of it. In fact, I never knew how the matter stood till April 1887, when I received from the treasury department at Washington information that my pay had been drawn by the executor as above stated. The executor was then dead, and I remained without remedy. Many of the volunteers, I doubt not, were careless as I was, and may have died without claiming payment on their scrip. But I believe that all who have made proper application have been paid from the appropriation made for that purpose.

There was much talk among us privates as to Frémont's reason for discharging the greater part of

his battalion, and retaining the company that stayed. Some of the men said that he did so in order to have some force which he could depend upon in case his difficulties with General Kearny should have gone to extremities. For that matter, I believe that he might have depended upon nearly all of his battalion, particularly upon the rank and file. Few or none of us cared a fig for Kearny or his regular officers. We rather despised the regulars, with their clumsy, smooth bore muskets, and as to the Mormon battalion, it would have fared badly if brought face to face with our western rifles. In case of trouble we would have stuck to our colonel through thick and thin.

Having been paid off, most of us started for the upper country, and on arriving at Santa Ynez mountains, we there found the bones of our one hundred and fifty horses, which we had left mired in the mud. It made me sad to look at them.

CHAPTER XXIV.

OUR march northward was very pleasant. The rains had ceased, and the whole country was beautiful with green grass, wild oats, and flowers. The oak trees were all covered with their fresh leaves; the birds singing, and cattle and horses in thousands on the rich pastures. It seemed that if there should be necessity to establish another garden of Eden, California would be the right place for such an institution.

On arriving at the mission of San José, I separated from my comrades, most of whom I have never seen since. I was welcomed to the home of my uncle, George Harlan, where I remained for a few days. He had lost his wife, my aunt Elizabeth, shortly after their arrival at that mission. Also John Van Gordan was dead, as I have already said. He died shortly after I left San José with the troops.

It was necessary for me to get work and work was not easy to get. Gold had not yet been discovered, and but little was doing; wages being only eight and ten dollars per month. I determined to go to the redwood forest on the east side of the San Antonio

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nge of hills to eastward of the present site of East ıkland, and there try to make shingles. I was tirely unacquainted with this kind of work, yet I could but try it, so I hired Richard Swift and went to work. We cut down a very large redwood tree and worked it up into fifteen thousand shingles, which occupied us one month. I then had them hauled to San Antonio landing, now East Oakland, and shipped them on a flat boat to San Francisco, where I sold them to William A. Leidesdorff for five dollars a thousand. I then paid Swift his wages and all expenses and had fifty dollars left. In this way I first became acquainted with Mr. Leidesdorff. He was a native of the Danish island of Santa Cruz, W. I., and, I believe, had a slight dash of negro blood in his veins. He had a hotel on the southwest corner of Clay and Kearny streets, opposite the plaza, and was the most enterprising business man in the town.

At this time there were four stores, or principal mercantile houses, in San Francisco. Mellus & Howard were on the corner of Sacramento and Montgomery streets; Robert Parker was on Clay street between Kearny and Montgomery streets; D. L. Ross was on the corner of Montgomery and Washington streets; and William H. Davis and

Hiram Grimes were on the corner of Montgomery and Jackson streets. That is as nearly as, in my memory, I can locate the places of those merchants. The town had begun to grow a little; its population might be about three hundred. Lumber was scarce and not easily to be got. It had all to be sawed by whip-saws, as there were then no saw-mills in the country. Most of the lumber came from the redwoods in the San Antonio hills—back of what is now East Oakland. Lumber sold in San Francisco at about fifteen dollars per thousand feet.

After disposing of my shingles, Leidesdorff asked me if I would take a contract to fence in sixteen fifty vara lots in San Francisco belonging to Commodore Sloat, Commodore Stockton, Colonel Frémont, and some others. The fence was to consist of two rails, with mortised posts, and a space of three feet between the rails. He said their object was to prevent squatters from occupying the lots, and that he would pay me fifty dollars for fencing each lot. I thought well of this, and we entered into a written agreement on the above terms, in which there was no limit of time mentioned for the completion of the work.

I went to San José and found David Williamson, that had nearly got us both captured at Santa Bar-

bara. He was working in Oliver's grist-mill and earning two dollars and a half a day. I showed him my contract and told him what I had done, and asked him to be my partner in the work. At first he hesitated, saying that he was in good employment, earning certain wages, and that my job might be a failure. I said, "All right, David; we will see," and I mounted and rode off; but presently he called me back and said he would join me. We then hired Swift and went to the redwoods, where we cut down trees and split them into posts and rails. I then bought two yoke of oxen and a wagon, and hired my cousin Joel Harlan to help me to haul the stuff to San Antonio for shipment to San Francisco. While we were hauling, Williamson was in the city mortising the posts, and as soon as we got them all over to the city, I went there with the team to finish the work. There was then no way to take wagons and teams across the bay, from what is now Oakland to San Francisco, except by San José.

We had our tent on the sand hills on Market street on the lot where the Palace hotel now stands. It was nearly all sand hills about there at that time, with shrub oak bushes all over the neighborhood. We had no tea or coffee, but yerba buena grew in plenty under the bushes. We made tea of it and

drank nothing else. I believe that it is more wholesome than coffee or China tea. Then we had beef and slap-jacks. One day a cargo of syrup came from the Sandwich Islands; the casks were brought ashore in lighters and rolled upon the beach out of the way of the tide, there being no wharf then. In rolling the casks the top burst from one of them, and the men set it up on end and left it there. David got syrup by the bucketful, and we had plenty to the end of our job.

We began this work on July 6th and finished it on September 20, 1847, to the satisfaction of Leidesdorff, who duly paid us as agreed. After paying all expenses we had five hundred dollars to divide, and we went to our camp, sat down on our blankets in the deep sand, and made our division. David declared that it was the best strike he had ever made and he was going back to Cincinnati. I tried to get him to stay in California, but he was set on going back, and shortly afterward, Capt. Thompson having gathered a band of wild horses to take to the states, David went with him. One of Thompson's men killed him on the way back, and David died shortly after reaching home.

CHAPTER XXV.

AFTER this I went to the mission of San José, and on the way, at Buri Buri, I sold my wagon and two yokes of oxen for two hundred and fifty dollars, making a profit of one hundred dollars, besides the service which I had from them. My capital at this time was five hundred and twenty dollars and two good saddle horses, and I lacked three weeks of being nineteen years of age.

Having rested for a short time at my uncle's at the San José mission, I went to the head of Napa valley to visit my youngest sister and her husband, William Fowler, who lived near where Calistoga now is. I was also attracted thither by the fact that thereabouts lived a certain young lady that I had admired very much when we had our dances on the green prairies.

William Fowler and his father and brother came to Oregon in 1843 and thence to California in 1844. The father was a Scotchman who came to New York when quite young. He married in Albany, N. Y., and went to Belville, Illinois. He was an excellent carpenter and builder, and built the court house

there. Afterwards he lived for a time in Henry county, Missouri, and then went to Oregon and California as I have said. Shortly after his arrival in California he and his two sons and William Hargrave, who had come with them, were employed by General Vallejo at two dollars and a half a day each.

In 1845 he and his son Henry bought a league of land at the head of Napa valley, including the present site of Calistoga. William Fowler Jr., was then sent back to Missouri to bring out the rest of the family, and thus it was that he became a member of our company. I have already told how he lost his teams on the desert in the Salt Lake country.

While young Willliam Fowler was absent in 1845–6, his father and brother continued to work for General Vallejo, saved money, and bought cattle and horses and wild mares, so that when William returned with the family their land was well stocked. They had built two log houses and a large corral, and thus the family was at once housed in comfort.

Boy-like, I had fallen dead in love with one or both of those two Fowler girls. For a good while I didn't exactly know what was the matter with me. Just as General Grant says in his book, that when he was in the same fix, he by and by found out what was the matter with him, when he fell in love; so by

and by I found out what was the matter with me, and I simplified my case by centering my affection upon one of them, and then I became the most lost poor devil that ever fell into the same quandary. My sister and her husband lived with the Fowler family and I soon found that, woman like, she had divined what was in my mind, and had been putting in an occasional good word for me in my absence. Then there was another matter which was interesting to me. In the family lived also the other unmarried sister and the widow of the Hargrave who had died, as I have stated, at Salt Lake while we were coming to California. So with the usual charity of those who get into my condition, and, may be, like the fox in the fable, I thought it would be well for my uncle to put in for the widow as I was doing for her sister. On my return to the San José mission, I made a dead set at my uncle on this matter. He laughed and said very little, but I could see that the proposition hit him in the right place, as was proved by the result, for he quietly went off to Napa, and in less than a month he came back with the widow as his wife. Then *he* became the benevolent matchmaker, and advised his son Joel and me to go at once and each marry one of the girls. Of course I was ready, and Joel shortly got to be so too. He

made much fun about it, calculating what the relationship would be; that he would be his father's brother-in-law. He said it would take a Philadelphia lawyer to determine what the relationship of their children might be.

These questions did not trouble me. I was staying with my cousin, G. W. Harlan, who was married to my sister, Sarah, (another matrimonial complication). He had a hotel on the road from San Francisco to Santa Clara, about ten miles north of the latter place. In about two months I could stand it no longer. So, without saying a word to any one, I mounted one of my three good saddle horses and led the other two, changing from one to the other, and thus made quick time to the Napa country.

When I came in sight of the houses of the Fowler family all my courage left me. It was as if those houses were a battery, and I had to charge and capture it in the face of heavy fire—but then the garrison. One of them I was bound to take. So I tied my horses, and marched up and knocked at the door. It was opened by my intended, and as our eyes met I saw in a flash that I was all right there. I saw that she was as glad to see me as I was to see her, and we then and there came to an understanding. Still the course of our true love was not entirely

smooth. The mother was quite favorable to our engagement, but then there was her father, the stern old Scotchman. What of him?

I was puzzled to know how to approach him. I was but little more than a boy. My face was as smooth as a woman's, except a little fuz like the down on a young gosling. I coveted the beards that I saw on the faces of older men. But the thing had to be done. So I mounted my best horse, and started for the old man. I had to ride forty miles, and no grass grew under that horse's feet on that day.

CHAPTER XXVI.

MR. Fowler was still engaged with General Vallejo, and seldom came to the rancho. His son managed that. On arriving at Sonoma, I hitched my horse, and inquired at General Vallejo's house where I could find Mr. Fowler. A young Spanish lady directed me to where he was engaged in building a house for the General. I walked over to where he was working, and saluted him as politely as I could. He returned my salute rather stiffly, but kept on working. I was quite put out by his firm, stiff Scotch manner. Then mustering a little courage, I told him that I had come to him on important business. He laid down his plane, and dryly said "What is your business?" I told him that I was the brother of his son William's wife. He immediately thawed, saying that he had heard of me from his son, William, and remarked, "You are the boy that came over the mountains and took back the cattle to your emigrant company, and so saved them from starving." I answered that I was the person. Then I told him what I had come for in very few words. He said: "Well, I know you

"quite well by reputation, and I like you for your "pluck and perseverance, but, my boy, you and my "girl are both too young to marry." I answered that that was so, but that the difficulty would soon cure itself by our marrying, and growing older afterward. He gave a kind of grim smile, and delighted me by saying, "Well, I approve of it; you have my "consent." Then, after a pause, he said: "Under-"stand me, you must take care of yourselves, and "not depend upon me for much help." I answered that I was young and strong, and not afraid of work, and could well take care of the girl and myself too. Then he asked when we wished to be married, and I told him on next 22d of November. Then said he: "You must see Governor Boggs. He is alcalde "here, and lives in the house next General Vallejo's, "and you had better see Ben Mitchell and Mr. "Griffiths, and arrange with them, so that the "young folks that come with you may have places "to stay at." I told him that I knew those gentlemen, and had known them well on the plains. I then thanked the old gentleman and went off, the happiest youngster alive at that moment. I was on the road very early next morning, returning to report to the young lady the successful result of my interview with her father

On November 22d we went to Sonoma, accompanied by the family, and perhaps a dozen others. We all went to Governor Boggs' alcalde office, and he tied our knot in a jiffy. On my asking him what the fee was, he said it was *nothing;* but he enjoined upon us to act as good citizens, and to have a big family, and help to people the country, which was in need of American population. I believe we obeyed him pretty well. The old gentleman, my father-in-law, accompanied us back to the rancho. He appeared well pleased, and was completely thawed out.

Shortly afterward, however, Mr. Fowler and I had a slight misunderstanding. I was building a house, and had it nearly finished. It was situated in a nice hollow at the foot of St. Helena mountain. I believe that it is called "Jake's Hollow" to this day from my name.

Henry Fowler, who managed the rancho, told me this was public land, but old Mr. Fowler said it was part of the Mexican grant, under which he held title. I determined not to have trouble with him about it, but to leave the place and go to San Francisco. I could get nothing for my house, which had cost me more than I could well spare, but I must not stay there. So I left.

When the public survey of that rancho was made, and the lines fixed, it was found that Jake's Hollow was not within the rancho boundaries. So Henry was right when he told me to build my house there, and his father was wrong. It was then too late for me to claim any of the land, and I am informed that Mr. M. M. Estee owns it to-day. I was glad to leave that place, as I did not at all like their treatment of me about that claim and house.

CHAPTER XXVII.

I *DETERMINED* to establish a livery stable in San Francisco. William Fowler wished to join me in this. He had seven saddle horses, and two work horses, and a wagon. I had three horses, and I bought five more. I judged that fifteen horses would be enough to start on. They were all saddle horses, and had never been in harness, but in those days every one rode on horseback. Buggies and buggy horses were not so much in demand as now. So to San Francisco we went, and commenced business.

Engaging in livery stable business in San Francisco at the end of 1847 was not a very sure speculation, but we determined to try it. On arriving there the first thing to do was to find a proper location, and chance directed me to one. On passing the Plaza I met George McDougal, brother of the afterward Governor John McDougal. We knew one another, and I asked him where I could get a lot. He referred me to one, which was for sale by William McDonald, the auctioneer, corner of Clay and Kearny streets, opposite Leidesdorff's hotel. Mc-

Dougal introduced me to him, and I found that his lot was on the corner of Union and Dupont streets, and that he demanded one hundred and fifty dollars for it. I agreed to buy it, provided that he would take seventy-five dollars down and my note at six months for the remaining seventy-five dollars. To this he agreed, and I secured the lot. We rented a house near by on Union street for our families, and then Fowler's skill as a carpenter enabled us to build a stable for the horses quickly. I then bought fifteen American saddles from Davis & Grimes, and we were ready for customers.

In the harbor were eight whale-ships and ten merchant vessels, and hide-ships, and one man-of-war, the *Ohio*. Leidesdorff was a friend that I could always count on, and as he kept the only hotel in the place, he could aid us greatly in our enterprise. I asked him to send me all the custom that he could, and he answered, "To be sure, I will, "my boy, I'll do all I can for you." He was a friend worth having.

On the first day there was a general rush for horses. The sailors all wanted to ride, and I let out all the horses for the half day at two dollars each. On mounting, they all started for the Presidio at full gallop, running races, and displaying some of

the most astonishing horsemanship that I had ever seen.

Before noon my riders came back, and I was ready to hire the horses to a new batch of mariners for the afternoon, who also paid me two dollars each for their half day. To be sure, the horses suffered some, but they were California horses, and could stand it. The antics of those horse-marines were a sight to be seen. It did not appear to be much matter to them whether they were in the saddle or pitched forward on their horses' necks or backward on the horses' rumps. I didn't care. They made a great sensation in the little town, and were a first-rate advertisment for our stable. On this first day we took in sixty dollars. At hard labor I could not have earned that sum in less than two months, and I saw at once that I had struck the key-note in the money-earning way. At the end of three weeks I bought Fowler out, and managed the stable alone from that time till March 1848.

At this time my uncle came to visit me, and seeing how well I was getting along, he asked me to take as a partner his son, my cousin, Joel. I was not anxious to take a partner. I could manage the business well myself, and as Leidesdorff declared, there were few men in San Francisco making money

as fast as I was; but Joel was my friend as well as relative, and his father had been even more than a father to me. His desire and request were like a law to me. So Joel and I became partners, and agreed together very well.

CHAPTER XXVIII.



UR horse business was not to be of long duration. In Coloma lived Peter Wimmer, who had married my father's sister. I always knew him as Uncle Peter. He had crossed the plains with us in 1846, and had remained at Sutter's fort. About the first of April, 1847, I received a letter from him which changed all my plans. In that letter he told me that, some time before, Captain Sutter had made a contract with him and J. W. Marshall, they agreeing to build for the captain a saw-mill at Coloma on the south fork of the American river.

Uncle Peter had four children, three boys and a little girl—my cousins. While the mill-race was being dug, the children found it to be a place which they liked to play in, and one day, while thus playing, little John Wimmer, the second oldest boy, found a piece of gold of the value of about eight dollars. It was bright and pretty, and he ran to the house and showed it to his father and Marshall. It was washing day and, at Marshall's suggestion, the nugget was put into the wash-kettle among the boiling suds. After some little time it was found to be

untarnished and Marshall said it must be gold, and he took it to Sutter's fort where it was tested and found to be truly gold.

While Marshall was gone to the fort the little boys picked up about four ounces more of gold, so that when Captain Sutter came up to the saw-mill to see for himself, which he immediately did, Uncle Peter showed him this second discovery of the boys and satisfied him that a most valuable source of wealth had been found. Then Sutter and Marshall and Wimmer, calling the Coloma Indians together, entered into an agreement or lease with them, by which they leased from the Indians twelve miles square. The Indians were to be paid in flour, meat, clothes, blankets, knives and ornaments, and the captain paid them at once for the coming year.

Five men were working on the mill. I knew them well, their names were, Stevens, Brown, Barger, Johnson and Smith. They were Mormons. At any rate they had been in the Mormon battalion and they, of course, spread the news of this discovery among the Mormons, producing great excitement among them as well as among the gentiles. The Mormons shortly found gold twenty miles down the river at "Mormon diggings," and were taking it out in large quantities. All this and more was told

me in uncle Peter's letter. I am aware that this discovery has been described in various ways. I here give its history, in substance, as Mr. Wimmer wrote it to me. It upset all my business plans. I caught the gold fever at once, and notified my wife and my partner, Joel, that it was time to give up livery stable keeping and go to the mines. My plan was not to dig but to make money by trading. It was arranged that Joel should take our horses and put them on pasture on Squire Elam Brown's rancho, near where Lafayette is now in Contra Costa county, while I should get a stock of goods suitable for a store or trading-post at the mines. Joel was a doubting Thomas, and did not understand how we were going to start a store with five hundred dollars, which was our whole money capital.

I was determined to try, and got Joel off with the horses. Then I went to Mr. Leidesdorff. When I had told him my plan he said that it was a good move, and directed me to go to the different stores and buy what I needed, and he would see the merchants and be responsible for it. He did so, and got me extensive credit. I bought my goods from Howard & Mellus, Robert Parker, D. L. Ross, Davis & Grimes, and Dickson & Hay.

I laid in a necessary stock of groceries, flour, bacon, beans and liquors; also dry-goods, shoes, boots, shovels, picks, tin pans, kettles of various kinds, and ammunition. My experience on the plains and in the mountains enabled me to choose just such a stock as a miner's camp would need. My purchases on that day amounted to four thousand five hundred dollars, for all of which Leidesdorff made himself responsible.

Captain Sutter's launch had arrived from the Sacramento river, and next morning I had all my goods on board of her before Joel got back from Contra Costa. On his return we immediately sailed for our new field of adventure.

Arriving at Sacramento, we hired two ox teams to haul our goods to Coloma. On passing Sutter's fort we met Samuel Brannan. He wished me to stop at the fort and become his partner. He had just started a store there, and wished me to buy goods in San Francisco, while he would attend to selling them up there. He declared that we were sure to make a fortune in one year. I told him that I could not join him, being already in partnership with Joel. He said he had observed me to be an active business man and to be trusted, and he needed just such a man as his partner. I could not do it, and we separated.

CHAPTER XXIX.

AT Coloma there was no lumber of which we could build a store-house. Uncle Peter let me have a small building with three rooms, which accommodated my wife and myself. Joel and I built a log cabin at the foot of a large pine tree, which, I believe, is still standing, and opened our store. Everything that we had was in demand at great price. Provisions and supplies soon became scarce with the great incoming of miners, and they came to us to make purchases, with their buckskin sacks well lined with gold. The mines were very rich.

In buying our goods at San Francisco I obtained them at fair wholesale prices, but little above the prices demanded before there was any word of gold discovery. When we sold them at the mines prices had gone up considerably. For example, we there sold flour at $1 per pound; sugar, 75 cts.; beans, 50 cts.; bacon, 75 cts.; coffee, $1.50; tea, $3; pilot bread, $1.25; dried beef, $1; whiskey, $8 per bottle; boots, $25 per pair, and coarse ones at that, as also were the shoes costing $12 per pair; common blankets,

$32 per pair; picks, $16, that is, one ounce of gold; shovels, $16; tin pans, like milk pans, $8, and other articles in like price. It must be noted, however, that the prices very much increased when the great influx of miners came in, and those of many of the above articles became nearly doubled. The miners were getting plenty of gold, and they never questioned the prices which we demanded for our goods.

One day in August I suggested to Joel to go and try his luck at mining over on the middle fork of the American river. He went, found a very rich place, and returned that night with sixteen hundred dollars. Next day his claim was covered with miners, who jumped it while he was gone. He had neglected to observe a miner's rule, which provided that on absenting one's self from a claim, the miner must leave a tool in the hole as an evidence of ownership, or the claim could lawfully be taken by another. On the same day I also struck a rich mine. The Indians of whom there were many, came to our store wishing to buy serapes. We had a bolt of cheap carpet, of rather gay colors, which just suited them. I cut off enough for one serape, made a hole in the middle of it, and put it on the chief. He was delighted and as proud as a peacock. The other Indians then made a rush for

serapes. They had much fine gold which they carried in vulture or goose quills. They were not stingy; each Indian on getting his serape gave me all the gold that he had. When the carpet was all sold many more wanted serapes. I uselessly wished for another bolt. Just then my eye rested on a bolt of coarse pilot-cloth. From this I cut a serape; took from the chief the former serape and put the cloth one over his head. It took better than the others, and I sold it all in the same way. When the Indians had gone I weighed the gold dust got from them, and found that those two bolts had brought us twelve hundred dollars. A good day, that was!

The next day an odd thing happened. A jolly, good-natured miner came to the store with his buckskin sack full of much gold. He took a number of drinks of whisky during the day, made some purchases, among other things, a bottle full to take to his camp. The price was eight dollars a bottle! He shouldered his purchases, and went up the hill about two hundred yards, and there the drinks overcame him, and he lay down and fell asleep. His sleep was not to be undisturbed. Toward morning a big grizzly bear came to him, and with his paws rolled the man over, and continued rolling him down hill almost to the store. Then the bear went

to the groceries and tore them all to pieces, and scattered them about. Just then I was going from my house to the store to open it at day dawn. At first I could not make out what the bear was doing, but on seeing me he ran away up the mountain, out of sight. On being aroused, the man said he had felt something pushing him about, but was too sleepy to mind it. I went with him up hill to his sleeping place. His rifle was leaning against the tree, but his fifty dollars' worth of groceries was entirely destroyed.

CHAPTER XXX.

ABOUT the middle of August my former captain, L. W. Hastings, opened a store opposite ours, and a Mr. Von Pfister opened another near the saw-mill. At this time my uncle was at Coloma with his family. His daughter, the widow of John Van Gordan, was with him, now married to Henry C. Smith, the man who had played us the shabby trick at the San José mission. He began by filling the former husband's mouth full of cactus thorns and continued his game by getting spliced to the widow.

My first child was born at Coloma on September 9, 1848. He and the gold discovery came along nearly together, and I lacked one month of being twenty years old.

On October 22d we sold out our store, stock, and business to Captain Hastings, and immediately were ready to leave for San Francisco. On the night of the 23d a vile murder was committed just in front of the store. The murdered man was a brother of the Von Pfister who had started the store near the saw-mill, and had just arrived at Coloma with a

stock of goods. He encamped at night just opposite the store, and had gone to bed with a bowie-knife and pistol under his head. While he was sleeping, a miner named Pete Raimond came and waked him and asked for liquor. Von Pfister answered that he had none; that he had just arrived with dry-goods, and had no liquors in his camp. Pete then went to our store and found it closed. He then went to Hastings' store, but Hastings drove him off, and threatened that he would treat him to a charge of buckshot if he came back. Pete then returned to Von Pfister's, took the bowie knife from under the pillow, and ran it into Von Pfister's heart. The wounded man screamed, ran over to my house, and fell dead at my door, with the knife still sticking in his body. My wife heard the scream and awakened me. I ran out just as Von Pfister fell. I laid hold of Pete, who said he had killed him.

Hastings and some forty or fifty miners came and seized Pete, who acknowledged the killing, and said that he wanted whisky, and could not get any, which made him mad, and he then killed the man with his own knife. It was then debated among us whether Pete should be shot, or hanged, or sent to the alcalde at Sutter's Fort. Hastings, my two uncles, my cousins, Joel and G. W. Harlan, H. C.

Smith, Ira Van Gordan, Thomas Broder, and myself voted to hang him forthwith; but a majority opposed this, and voted to send him to the fort, which was done, and there he was put into a cell, with a guard to watch him. That night he escaped, joined two others as bad as himself, and went off to the south country. When the three arrived at the mission of San Miguel the old Englishman, Reid, was still living there. It was he who gave us wheat, and whose wife made us *tortillas* when we were with Frémont. The old man had been in the mines, and had made four thousand dollars, and Pete knew it. Just as the three ruffians arrived, an old Spanish midwife came to nurse Reid's wife who was about to be confined. Pete and his two companions then murdered Reid, his wife, and two daughters, and the old nurse. A negro living there escaped, and raised an alarm among the Spanish people. Runners were sent to Santa Barbara, San Buenaventura, and other places with reports of the murders. The assassins managed to get to the "Rincon," but were there met and surrounded by a body of mounted Spaniards. Pete and another fought for life, and were riddled with bullets. The third ran into the ocean, and was drowned.

CHAPTER XXXI.

ON our way from the fort to Sacramento we encountered the severest north wind that I have ever experienced in California, and which I mention because it had a bad effect on one member of our family. My uncle's mother-in-law was ninety-three years old, and had been quite blind for fifteen years. She had come with us, travelling in a sort of bed or couch, which had been made for her in Michigan, and had stood the journey across the continent as well as any of us; but that north-easter was too much for her. When we arrived at Sacramento the poor old lady was dead.

I arranged with my cousin, G. W. Harlan, to live at his Frémont hotel in Santa Clara county during this winter of '48 and '49, and thither I went with my family. I did very little that winter but hunt and keep the house in wild game, which was of every sort, and plentiful.

One morning I went to shoot some little cotton-tail rabbits. I had only a light single-barrel fowling-piece and fine shot. Just as I raised the gun to shoot a rabbit a big California lion jumped between

me and my game. He landed in a little open place not more than eight feet from me. He showed no fear, but I must say that I felt something very like it. We looked straight into one another's eyes. His looked green and devilish, and he showed his teeth and growled, and moved his tail just as a cat does when it has a mouse. For some time we sat looking at each other, when of a sudden he squatted closer to the ground, and I saw that he meant business. So I fired my charge of fine shot straight into his head. At that distance the shot acted like a bullet, and he was dead. With difficulty I got him to the hotel, and always went better armed afterward.

I have spoken about the bears various times, but we had another beast nearly as bad. The coast range was covered with timber and thick chamisal, which harbored many wolves—not coyotes, but the true mountain gray wolf—and they were bold, even to coming to the out-houses of the hotel and taking the pigs, and when a pack of them got together a man had but little chance with them. I had seen many of them in the mountains in coming to California, and knew them well. Upon the whole, I resolved to let my landlord cousin kill his own game.

On March 6, 1849, my cousin, George, and myself being in San José, we saw three men hanged, and three others whipped. The cause of their execution was their having robbed and tried to murder a German, who was returning from the mines. He had three thousand five hundred dollars, and some way the robbers knew it. He had camped at a slough three miles west from Slocumb's ferry, which was the lowest ferry on the San Joaquin river. Shortly after he had camped, three men also camped about a mile from him, and before sundown these were joined by three more men. These men had followed the German to rob him. Three of them went to do the job, and the other three stayed in camp. The plan was to rob him, but not kill him. After they got his money and his gun, one of them named Mat. Fred said, "a dead man tells no tales," and shot him. He fell as if dead, but when the thieves were gone he got up, and wounded as he was, walked fifteen miles to Livermore's rancho. Livermore took care of him, and sent to San José and notified alcalde Dimmick, who took steps to capture the robbers. Livermore's son, who bore his father's message to the alcalde, got to San José in advance, and they carelessly rode into the town, and were taken. They were tried

by the alcalde and a jury, and found guilty of robbery and attempt to murder, and the three who did the robbing and shooting were sentenced to be hanged, and the other three, as accomplices, were sentenced to receive one hundred and thirty lashes. We saw the three hanged, but did not see the whipping. We saw the men after they had been whipped, and from their condition I concluded that if it had been my case I would have preferred to be hanged. Being hanged is a miserable way to get out of this life, and I resolved never again to see more of it, or of whipping either. Fate or something else ordered it otherwise, however.

CHAPTER XXXII.

AT this time I resolved upon a change of base, and to return to store-keeping; this time at Sonora, Tuolumne county. I bought a wagon and a good ox team for one thousand dollars, and my cousin, George Harlan, wishing to join me, he paid for one-half of the outfit. On March 21, '49, we started for the southern mines.

We crossed the San Joaquin river at Bonsell's ferry. Bonsell was the man that I got to guard our provisions on the Truckee, as I have before stated. In many ways Bonsell was a good man, but he was a terrible fellow when hostile. He had just finished hanging six men from the limb of a tree. The bodies had been cut down but a few minutes before our arrival. The men were hanged for having stolen one hundred and thirty head of cattle from Livermore. I asked Bonsell how much would be the ferriage for our wagon and two yoke of oxen. He said his regular price was $150, but to me as an old friend it would be $100. I paid him the latter sum all in silver. He took it in his big hand, and in careless manner threw it into an open flour barrel

that stood beside his tent, and was nearly full of silver coin. I remarked to him that it was rather unsafe to leave his money in that way for any one to help himself. He pointed over his shoulder with his thumb to the limb from which the six bodies had just been cut down, and said that limb was his remedy; that about a month previous he had hanged three other men for horse-stealing; that evil-doers had got to knowing him, and there was no danger of their taking money or anything else from him.

We crossed and encamped for the night. In the morning my saddle-horse was missing. Bonsell had offered me three hundred dollars for him the night before, which I refused. I hunted for him a long time, but without finding any trace of him. He was lost. So without him we went on to Knight's ferry on the Stanislaus river, where Captain Grant was stationed, although what good was accomplished by him or any soldiers being at such a place was not very apparent to us. The captain was absent, and did not make his appearance while we were there. The ferry-boat was a little skiff that would hold about five or six persons, and our wagon had to be taken apart and carried over piece-meal. It was attempted to tow the wagon-body over by fastening

it to the boat with a tow-line. A young Irishman named Brannan got into it to steer it, but he at once swamped it. Below the ferry were dangerous rapids, and the river was now in high freshet. The bed and boat were swept down to near the rapids—Brannan screaming for help. His life was not worth a penny when the men in the boat caught the wagon-bed and saved it and him. This crossing occupied the whole day. When asked what was his price for ferriage the ferry-man demanded two hundred dollars, which we paid, he coolly saying that he worked his ferry to accommodate the public, and not for any purpose of gain.

At this place happened about the only occasion of my being cheated in a horse trade. I have been at a loss to account for the fact that, in horse-trading, men who otherwise appear to be fair dealers will almost inevitably become liars and cheats and swindlers. A horse is an honest kind of animal. It is odd that in buying, selling, or swapping him men should act like thieves. For myself, I do not plead guilty to this. I have often traded in horse-flesh, and although I have left much to the judgment of the other trading party, I can plead "not guilty" to any unfair or dishonest game. At this place I had my experience, and with a friend! As we were

about ready to start, John Pyle rode into our camp. He was a son of Mr. Pyle, whom I have often mentioned in this book. He and I had always been friends. In the course of conversation I told him of my losing my horse at the San Joaquin crossing, upon which he said that that horse had come to his ranch on the same night upon which I had lost him, and was then there; to get there the animal had run twenty miles. He proposed to give me the horse which he was riding for mine, my horse being well worth three hundred dollars. I assented to this, put my saddle on the horse, and rode forward in advance of the team for two or three miles. When I left the open plain and entered the timbered country, I noticed that my new horse stepped very high. I let him walk without guidance, and shortly he ran his head against a tree, and then jumped back and nearly threw me. I examined his eyes. They were queer-looking, and very green. I then tried him by moving my hand back and forward before his eyes, and I found him to be quite blind. I waited there till the team came, and George asked me how I liked my new riding animal. I said that I had used him as yet too little to judge, but told him to mount and try the horse, and give me his opinion. He mounted and rode on ahead, I driving

the oxen. At camping time I asked his opinion, and he said the horse had run against a tree, and nearly broke his (George's) leg. He ended by crying out, "By jolly, Jake, your new horse is as blind as a stone." I said, "Why, you don't mean to say that John Pyle would treat me that way?" but he said the horse was as blind as a worm, and neither John Pyle nor I could ever make him see. I had neglected to act on the maxim of horse men,—"Never buy a horse from your friend." George and I laughed it off between us, and I made a big O of the whole affair.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

ON arriving at where Columbia now is we met a trader named Lunt, who had just closed his business, and was about to leave. He offered us his log store-house to live in. We thanked him, and so did our wives, unloaded our effects, and were about to unyoke our oxen when he said he would like to buy our team. I asked what he would give, and he said two thousand dollars. George said, "How will we get back?" I remarked, "We will buy pack-mules;" so we let him have the team, and he weighed out the two thousand dollars in gold-dust, took our ox-whip, and off he went. I have never seen him but once since. The next day we went prospecting. I had never worked a day in the mines. It was a new business for me, but George had worked at mining from their first discovery. We went over to Mormon gulch. George went up the creek, I went down. At every place that I thought a good one, somebody was digging. I walked on, and looked at the miners taking out gold by the thousands, but no place suited me. I went to where three men were digging in a bank by the creek. One of them asked me if I

would buy their claim, saying that they would sell it for two hundred dollars. I gave them that sum, and began digging. They showed me how to wash the dirt in a tin pan. I had worked about two hours when George came up, and remarked, "Hillo, Jake, have you struck it?" "Struck it?" said I, "no, I haven't, but I have bought three fellows out, and paid them two hundred dollars, and I don't believe there is any gold here. I have worked two hours, and haven't seen the color." He took his pick, dug a pan of earth, and washed it out, and had a nice lot of gold in his pan. "O, it is all right," said he, "I will go halves with you." "Agreed," said I; "I was about to leave it as a bad bargain." We continued to work this claim for some three weeks, and took out over two thousand dollars. We then left it, and mined in various places, and got a considerable quantity of gold-dust.

On the 25th of April we went out prospecting toward Sonora. In our absence about twenty Indians came to our cabin, and one of them, who could talk English, told the women that these Indians were bad ones, who had come to kill them. The bad Indians were down in the creek, about fifty yards from the house. He said he did not want them to kill the women and

children, but they said they would do so, so he had come up to tell them. He then led the way, and showed them where we were working. When they got to us, and told us of the fright they had, and both of them tired out packing their babies, it put both of us men into a very dangerous and fighting mood. We had fifteen thousand dollars in the cabin; neither one had any arms; we each had a horse. Mine was a very good one. I told George to stay with the women, and I would go to Sonora, and get a rifle and two pistols, and then we would clean the devils out. I went to Sonora to a gentleman that kept a store there, who let me have what I wanted. I went back to the cabin as fast as my horse could run, but when I got there the Indians had left, except the one that saved the lives of our wives and babies. I gave him presents, and made him happy. We then bought six mules, one of which had never been broken, and packed them with our effects.

Among our bedding was a feather bed, and we put it on the wild mule. When all was ready I told George to hold the wild mule's ropo, while I pulled the blind off his eyes. The mule commenced bucking, and jerked George's feet from under him. He fell on the top of his head, and nearly broke his neck. The mule continued bucking, and got his hindfoot

into the feather bed. The wind was blowing a nice breeze at the time, and the air was soon full of flying feathers. It was like a snow-storm. Moral: Never pack a feather bed on a wild mule! We went to Stockton, and there an old sea-captain bought our mules and horses. We made a fair profit on them; my blind horse brought one hundred and fifty dollars.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

CAPTAIN WEBER had just laid out the city of Stockton. I had been acquainted with him since 1846. When I arrived there I asked him to sell me two lots on Main street. He gave me my choice at three hundred and twenty-seven dollars for each lot, and I bought them.

At this time there were only four houses in Stockton, but there was a number of tents in which people lived. Here also I met A. Caldwell, the man who shot the jackass in Frémont's battalion, and from him I bought the half of a fifty-vara lot situated on the corner of Vallejo and Dupont streets in San Francisco. I paid him three thousand five hundred dollars for this lot, and afterwards sold one half of it to George Harlan.

When I had last been in San Francisco, I had paid the merchant from whom I had bought the goods, and had paid William McDonald seventy-five dollars, the last payment for the lot which I had bought from him. This was on Saturday, June 8, 1851. I paid him on the porch of Leidesdorff's hotel, and he said that he had been quite sick, and

that if I would return on Monday (the 10th) he would make me a deed of the lot. I went on that Monday morning, and McDonald was dead! I then employed Jesse B. Hart as my lawyer. He brought suit to perfect my title. Julius K. Rose was appointed administrator of McDonald's estate, and by an order of court I got a deed of the lot. It was not till 1857, when I lost this lot, that I realized what a calamity McDonald's death was to me.

On coming back from the southern mines I stayed at the San José mission for a while and there got acquainted with various new-comers to California, who have since been prominent in Alameda county. Among them the two brothers Huff, James B. Larue, who afterwards laid out the town of San Antonio, now part of East Oakland; also E. L. Beard, a man of ability, who afterwards became a sort of ruler in the country about the San José mission, and, indeed, of some celebrity in a wider field. I also there met John M. Horner, a very good man, and of great energy and industry. I had known him in 1847, when he came to San Francisco with Samuel Brannan and his ship-load of Latter-day saints. Horner was, I believe, a Mormon at one time, but I suspect that latterly he left off all that kind of nonsense. I remember an occasion some years later, during

court week at San Leandro, when, in conversation, Horner was asked about Mormon polygamy. He said that he was aware that some Mormons had more wives than one, but he was satisfied that it would not do for him to suggest any such thing in his family, as there was a wife already there who would make a very warm climate in the house at the mere imagining of it, and besides, one wife was as many as he could manage. Horner made much money in raising vegetables in those early years. There were hardly any fresh vegetables then to be had. When we look back and think of potatoes at a dollar a pound, and a man buying a single big one that weighed a pound for that sum, or of a single big cabbage, for which, so late as the fall of '49, a golden ounce had been paid, forming the chief dish at a ceremonious dinner at the St. Francis hotel, we may understand how Horner made much money when he engaged in vegetable-raising on the rich lands about the mission of San José. I believe he did not keep much of it to the end of his life, the more is the pity, for he deserved good fortune.

I remained at the San José mission for a couple of months, and then Joel and I returned to San Francisco and to our livery stable business. He had meanwhile married my wife's sister, so that our relationship was a step nearer than before.

CHAPTER XXXV.

SAN FRANCISCO had changed much since I had left it with the gold fever upon me. The news of the discovery of the gold had spread throughout the world, and people from every civilized nation—and some uncivilized ones—were crowding in. Much of what I had considered desert sand-hills had become occupied by permanent houses. Still, there were few houses south of California street. All that part was high hills of loose sand, covered with oak and other bushes, and yerba buena. The tents, which had been numerous had given place to comfortable houses.

In those days some of the most comfortable habitations at San Francisco were on board of ships in the harbor. When ships arrived, their crews invariably deserted, and went to the mines. No contract could hold the sailors. It was both difficult and expensive to find persons to take charge of vessels thus deserted. They were usually in charge of men too sick and weak, or too lazy, to take part in the active enterprise of that day. Some of the owners of ships who had families, fitted up the cabins nicely and

lived there very comfortably. One of the foreign consuls lived thus. He had a large vessel, which he used as a storeship, charging heavy storage on goods placed on board in his care, and thus getting a good income. His wife had on deck a nice little glass house, full of flowers and pretty plants.

When I was first keeping my stable in the city I did not believe in the permanent increase of its size and importance. I knew Dr. Leavenworth very well, and he advised me to get some fifty-vara lots, in granting which he was doing a land-office business. He was alcalde and made the grants, and the price which he was getting when he and I spoke of it was ten dollars and a half per fifty-vara lot. He told me that to get such lots and hold on to them would be the surest and easiest road to wealth. I did not believe it. I had had no experience as to the growth of cities. I had never seen anything of the kind bigger than a little country town, and I thought that people were fools to be buying little spots of sand hill, and calling them city lots. By following Alcalde Leavenworth's advice I could have become a very wealthy man, but I lacked faith, and was no prophet any more than many another man who had the same chances that I had, and neglected them.

In '49 and '50 and '51 there was much gambling going on in San Francisco. From about the middle of the block facing the plaza, on Washington street, down to Kearny street, and along Kearny to Clay street, there was an uninterrupted row of gambling-houses, where all sorts of games of chance were played, and many thousands of dollars changed hands every night. Then, on Clay street, a little above Kearny, and fronting on the plaza, was the Ward house, afterward the Bryant house, when kept by old Bryant, the gambler. He was one of the kings of the gamblers. It was said that he thought nothing of staking one hundred ounces on a single card, but he kept at it too long for his own good, and became poor. His greatest loss, which finally ruined him, was said to be the expenses which he incurred in trying to beat Colonel Jack Hays in running for the office of sheriff. Every night these gambling-houses were crowded with people. The winter of '49 and '50 was very wet. Bachelors' quarters in San Francisco were not usually very nice. These houses were quite comfortable, well lighted, and even for people who did not gamble were places of nightly resort where any one would be sure to meet his friends, listen to the music, gamble if he liked, and drink if he felt like it. And

many felt like it, entirely too much. The large building still standing on the northeast corner of Clay and Kearny streets was the place of many a wild frolic. This house was built in the summer of 1850. The upper part was for a long time occupied as a court-room and for county offices. The lower part was for some time one very large room, in which masquerade balls were held. A person, on entering on such occasions, was required to deposit his pistol or other arms with the door-keepers, which was not fair, as the gamblers and sports usually entered wito their fighting tools. The place was always crowded. Gambling tables were placed all along one or two sides of the hall, where money changed hands actively. Everyone wore his hat and nearly all smoked cigars. The female dancers were not of the most respectable class, but were richly dressed in fancy costumes, with much jewelry and many of them with the wide hoop of solid gold in place of a belt around the waist. The on-lookers would stand so as to leave a circular alley, and in this the dancers would come wheeling around in all sorts of fantastic figures and posturings not allowable in respectable society. As to the men who danced and frolicked, many a one alive to-day would not like to have his name given—grave and

sedate white-haired gentlemen as they now are. Then in front, in the day time, was a row of boot-blacks, nearly all Frenchmen, who would shine one's boots for a quarter dollar. One of them was a count, or some such thing, who used to sing at his work like an actor on the stage; and Charlie Elleard's little black racing nag would come and put up his fore feet on the step and have them polished, just like anyone else, then trot off down Clay street to Charlie's fancy drinking house, march up to the counter, get his piece of sponge cake, and off by the back door to his stall in the yard. Queer things we old pioneers used to do, and jolly times we had in those days, when we were young and pretty. I saw a little of it, but was too busy and too regular and moral a young man to indulge much in such games. Looking back on all this, I sometimes wonder that we were all so orderly, as, in fact, we were, considering that so many were here brought together, and were living without any restraint upon their actions from family ties, or the proprieties of older society.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

ON returning to San Francisco I found that I had sustained one great loss. Leidesdorff was no longer there. He had been dead more than a year. To me he had been a good friend, and, as I have already told, he gave me means of making my first stake in California. Also, it will be remembered, that he became my security in a large amount with the merchants in San Francisco when I got the stock of goods to begin business in the mines. He was a good and fair man, and a good citizen. Instead of having his name given to the little street which bears it, he deserved to have one of the chief streets of the city named for him.

On January 1, 1850, I went to the mission of San José, where Ira Van Gordan, my uncle's son-in-law, was living. He had a fifty-vara lot on the corner of Bush and Dupont streets, San Francisco. I stayed all night with him, and in the morning before starting back he asked me how much I would give him for that lot. I said I would give him two thousand dollars for it. He agreed, and I said, "Well, get your papers, and we will go across to Lockwood's office, and he will make out the deed from you to me."

I had the money with me, and paid him, and took the deed and went back to San Francisco that day. I told Joel and our wives what I had done, and they all laughed at me for paying such a price for a lot on Bush street in the sand. I had never seen the lot, so I thought I would go and take a look at it. When I found it, with a sand hill about forty feet high on it, and all covered over with scrub oaks, I thought nobody but a fool would buy such a lot.

Bush Street was the best named street in San Francisco; it was nothing but sand and scrubby oaks as thick as the hair on a dog's back, and under the oaks the sand was covered with yerba buena. I thought they made a great mistake in changing the name of the town from Yerba Buena to San Francisco when there was nothing else to beautify those horrible sand-hills. I went to the recorder's office to get my deed recorded. I handed it to the clerk, and he noted on it the time of its being filed, and went to work recording it.

I turned round to go home, but he said I could have it in half an hour, so I sat down to wait. While I was waiting, in came Joice, Douglass, and Doctor Coit. I was acquainted with Joice and Douglass, but Dr. Coit I had never seen before.

Douglass and Joice shook hands with me, and introduced the doctor. They were all in partnership in real estate business. Douglass asked if I knew any lots near by for sale. I said, "Yes, I have one on the corner of Dupont and Bush streets." He said they would give three thousand dollars for it. I began to have my eyes open a little. I said, "No, "I don't want to sell it." I had learned enough while I had been in San Francisco to prevaricate a little. "Well," they asked, "would you take three "thousand five hundred dollars?" This almost made me tremble all over. I said "No." He then talked with his partners, and offered me four thousand dollars for it. That was a stunner. I then thought I had struck a gold mine. I said, "Mr. Douglass, I "told you I did not want to sell that lot, but seeing "you are so anxious to buy it, I will let you have it "for five thousand dollars." He then consulted with his partners. The clerk said to me, "Here is your deed; the recorder's fee is five dollars." I put the deed in my pocket, paid the fee, and started for the door, pretending I was in a hurry to get home. Douglass then said, "We have consulted with each "other, and have agreed that we can pay you four "thousand five hundred dollars for your lot." For a while I insisted on five thousand dollars, but soon

found that I had drawn them to their limit. Finally I accepted their offer. The deed was drawn then and there. I executed and delivered it, and they paid me four thousand five hundred dollars and all expenses.

When I got home the folks were at table eating dinner, and were much inclined to quiz me about my sand hill purchase. Nearly with one voice they all cried out, asking how I liked it. I quietly answered that I liked it well—so well that I had brought it home with me in my sack. I then let them feast their eyes on the gold itself, and told them of the whole affair. They were content to stop their quizzing, and go on eating. This is a specimen of how one could make money in those days. I bought this lot on January 2d, and sold it on the 4th, with the profit above stated.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

MY uncle, the father of Joel, came to the city about March 15, 1850. He bought two lots on Green street, between Stockton and Dupont streets, from Henry Williams and others, and agreed to pay seven thousand dollars for them. These lots had some improvements on them. Afterwards he could not make the payments, and Joel and I took the property off his hands and paid the price to Williams and his partners. The old gentleman had brought to the city some fine cows, which he had driven across the plains in 1846. There were few such cows in California then. I suggested to Joel that we should buy eight of these cows, and engage in selling milk in connection with our livery business. To this he agreed, and we bought the eight cows for eight hundred dollars, and employed Chas. Gough to sell the milk for us, paying him one hundred and fifty dollars a month.

Gough fitted himself for this business with an old, one-eyed, gray horse and a rather rough-looking saddle. Upon the cabeza of the saddle he hung two two-and-a-half-gallon tin cans, one on each side, and

also three tin measures. When he started on his milk-selling expedition, on his old skeleton of a horse, and with his tin cans and measures jangling about him, Gough was a comical sight. But it paid. When he had exhausted the milk in his cans he would return and fill up again. We did not water the milk, but sold it strictly as it came from the cows. On the evening of his first day when he returned home he counted the money which he had collected for the milk. It amounted to fifty dollars. He had been selling the milk for four dollars a gallon. This showed that we had struck into a new road to money-making, and we followed it up.

It may seem strange to persons at this day that such prices were paid for the now so plentiful an article as milk. Elsewhere I have shown the round prices which in the early golden days were paid for other necessaries of life. In California it would be quite reasonable to suppose milk to have been plentiful and cheap. Not so, however. The old rancheros used but little milk, and were very careless about providing their households with the wholesome product of the dairy. With their numerous herds of cattle they milked but few cows—on some ranchos none at all. They may have had a few churns, but in my time among them I never

saw any. I have known the women to sometimes make a little not very good butter by beating up some cream with the hand in a wide dish, but this was rare. They had but few tame cows that could be milked with any ease or comfort.

I guess none of my "young Californian" readers ever saw an old Spanish Californian woman milk a wild cow. She would do it like this. A vaquero would lasso the cow by the horns, and pass the reata round one hind fetlock, thus tying up the foot and preventing kicking—for those wild cows were vicious, and would kick and fight in a very dangerous way. The cow being thus tied, the woman would proceed to milk her, but the animal with this treatment would be hostile and as mad as a hornet, and would refuse to let down her milk. To remedy this her calf would be at hand, and a helper—perhaps an Indian boy—would hold the little animal on the other side of the cow, and from time to time let it suck a little. The cow would then let down some of her milk for her calf, whose nose would be pushed aside, and the milker would take the milk let down for it!

Any old-timer who used to be familiar with the old ranchero ways must have seen this odd way of circumventing a wild cow. Of course it was not used in the milking of their few tame cows.

In San Francisco there may have been a few milk cows among the families living in the city, but the price willingly paid for our milk shows that they must have been very scarce. Our cows were very finely bred milking animals, chosen by my uncle with reference to their points of excellence as milkers, but I have known native Californian cows, when skillfully chosen and broken to dairy duty, to be just as good as any, in quantity and quality of milk, and in docility, too.

Mr. Robert Blakow, now deceased, formerly of Alameda county, was second to none in California in intelligence and skill as to the qualities of different breeds of domestic animals. To the time of his death he was extensively engaged in importing and breeding fine stock. I have heard him express regret that so little regard was paid to preserving the native breed of animals, which were being wasted and exterminated, or pushed aside and replaced by others, in too many cases, not the most choice. He said this of both horned and horse stock, and declared that when the native animals were all gone we would look back and regret that many of their qualities had not been preserved.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

IN speaking of these animals I cannot refrain from saying a word as to the native Californian horse. In the far south of the state there may be some few of them left. Here in the north there are none. For service on the road there are good horses —even fine ones, but for work across country in the long day in and day out gallop, in the rodeo, and fight with the wild bull, we have none of them left. Who would trust himself mounted on one of our modern horses to lasso and overcome a wild steer on a hillside of forty-five degrees of slope? Yet on the Californian horses, miscalled mustangs—which they were not—the old Californian could do it, and tie him hand and foot and kill him, or do whatever might be required, and the horse would lean over and keep the reata taut till the vaquero would dismount and tie the beast's legs, and make it helpless. Then, if it was desired to take the captive home alive, the ranchero availed himself of the old tame ox, which, being yoked to the prisoner by the inflexible Spanish yoke, would walk off home with him to let his blood cool in the corral, and make the flesh fit for food.

We oldest Californians remember Colonel Frémont's ride from Los Angeles to Monterey, and back, on horses supplied to him by Totoy Pico. None of our horses, and very few of our men, could do it now.

I saw Colonel Frémont when he arrived at Los Angeles from that ride, and was present when he dismounted. Both he and his horse looked tired, but in good condition. It was clear to me that horse and man were of true grit, or they never could have done it. I, myself, have done something like it, although not for so great a distance—for instance, when I rode from San Leandro, in Alameda county, to Cholama valley, in San Luis county. Colonel Frémont had the advantage of several horses among which to make change when either of them got tired. It was the common practice among old Californians to journey in this way. They drove the band before them, and when the ridden horse got tired, they would lasso one of the loose ones and ride him. The tired horses would get rested by being allowed to run loose without carrying weight.

My ride to Cholama was on my Bannack Indian horse without change. If there is one luxury more pleasant than another, it is that enjoyed by the tired rider when he shifts his saddle from his tired

horse and mounts a nice fresh one. This advantage my old colonel had in his ride.

I knew a horse, a white Californian stallion, belonging to a ranchero, the lands of whose rancho are within sight of the place where I now write. His big black eyes and dark skin, round, well-ribbed body, flat legs, hoofs black and like flint, and tail nearly reaching the ground, and spreading out like a fan, marked him as a horse whose service should have been prized, but the poor fellow had been deposed from his position in the *manada*, and his place filled by a very fine, blooded, American stock horse. He thus became the saddle-horse of a friend of mine, a fair rider, weighing about one hundred and eighty pounds, and the two had many a contest, for neither the horse nor the man liked to surrender—each had some temper of his own, which it was not safe to stir too rudely.

An extensive survey was in progress by a United States surveyor, whereby to fix the exterior lines of this rancho. These lines ran over a very rough country. For about two weeks this horse had been in the duties of the survey and in exploration. It was severe service. On one evening it was found necessary to send to San Francisco to the United

States Surveyor-general's office for additional instructions. This horse had been hard at work all day, and was ridden rapidly home—eight miles—and put into the stable. Before being cool enough to be fed or watered, alarm was given that the *manada*, or band of horses, wild mares, and colts—which numbered several hundred—had broken the hill-foot fences, and was widely scattered on the plain among the squatters' grain. This meant that every one of these animals would be shot upon which a squatter could draw a bead. It also meant that every available horse must be taken and ridden till the estrays could be collected and driven for miles back into the hill pastures.

It may be noted that then the whole plain of Alameda county from San Pablo to near San José, more than forty miles in length by two or three in width, was one vast grain field, without fences, except the hill-foot fence which kept the cattle up in the rolling pasture lands.

This horse was taken and ridden by an American weighing about one hundred and seventy-five pounds. The wheat was standing breast high, and the work of collecting a large drove of unbroken horses, mares, and colts, scattered as they were over an extensive space, was very severe, and continued

till half-past two A. M. The stallion was returned in worse condition than before. As day broke many animals were observed dotted about among the wheat fields, which had been missed in the dark. Nearly every horse on the place was tired out with the previous night's service. This one was again taken by an Indian vaquero, a hard rider, and ridden as such fellows ride till after midday. On returning, it was found necessary to send to a village about fifteen miles distant. A young man, a son of the ranchero, was sent, mounted on this same horse. On that night some kind of celebration was being held, and this young man attended it, leaving the horse tied to the fence till about midnight. On arriving at home the horse was put into the corral without further care on the part of that rider, but the man who had ridden him on the night before arose from his bed and dried, watered, and fed him.

Meanwhile the person who was using the horse on the survey had gone to San Francisco and returned. He arose about daylight, found his stallion well cared for, and in apparent good condition, and knowing nothing of the hard work of the preceding thirty-six hours, mounted and rode off to the surveyor's camp, the horse showing no mark of any unusual service. What one of our horses to-day would remain alive to the end of such a piece of work?

CHAPTER XXXIX.

I *HAVE* been running away from myself and our milk business. When I get started in talk about the animals, it is difficult for me to stop myself.

I continued in this business with my cousin Joel till July 15, 1850. Then I bought him out, stopped keeping livery stable, and confined myself to supplying milk to my customers at the old price, four dollars per gallon.

We paid Gough, who went to Baltimore to his family. He told us that his particular wish was to see his twin brother, who was so like him that their father could not distinguish them apart. He said nothing about whether their mother knew which was which!

My net daily income was now forty dollars. I fed my cows on corn meal which had got heated in the ships in coming from the old states. I found it to be good and wholesome for the milk stock. In this trade I made money satisfactorily, and continued it till October 14, 1850, when I sold out to a Mr. Tucker for one hundred Mexican doubloons ($1,600).

Eight more cows that I had bought in Napa I sold to J. B. Larue for twelve hundred dollars. He paid me one year later, but meanwhile had sold them for cash, bought goods, and opened a store at San Antonio. That was his first start, and he afterwards became rich.

I now determined to become a farmer. I was not the man for that kind of business, but how many deceive themselves into believing that they are. Lawyers, doctors, preachers, to say nothing of men of other trades, having made some money, imagine that they are going to make further fortune by tilling the earth, and how most of them fail! They run into all manner of expenses following out their ideas respecting agriculture. They sow their money with their seed, and neither yields any crop.

My case was not so bad as those, but it was bad enough. I bought a claim at the mission of San José, and *tried* to be a farmer. My claim adjoined the land of John M. Horner, of whom I speak elsewhere. I ought here to state that my good old uncle was now dead. He had died during the past summer at my house in San Francisco, before I moved from that city. He died in his forty-eighth year. He was a great loss to me. By his kindness and care he had saved me from death, and he had

been my sympathizing counselor and friend in all my undertakings. He was a good man. Few have been better.

In preparing for my farming venture I had occasion to go to San Francisco. Asiatic cholera was raging in the city at that time, as also in Sacramento city, and many deaths occurred daily, particularly in the latter city, where the disease was very fatal. When returning home I traveled in company with Dr. Townsend. He was a southern man, and lived on a nice ranch near San José on the Coyote creek. We stopped at the Angelo house at San Mateo and dined, and fed our horses, and then went on our way. I soon became very sick with vomiting and severe cramps, and the doctor told me that I had the dread disease—the cholera. On arriving at the Frémont house, which my cousin had sold to other parties, I could go no further. Dr. Townsend could not stay with me, but left some medicine for me, with directions to the landlady to give it to me. He shook hands with me, and gave me little comfort by telling me that I might have one chance in a hundred of getting well, or of seeing the sun rise again.

All night I lay awake thinking of my wife and little boy, and in my cramps and vomiting I prayed to God that my life might be spared to my family.

About four A. M. I began to be somewhat relieved. I arose and went to the door, and waited to see the rising of the sun which the doctor had said I might never see again. As the sun rose and I beheld his splendor, I felt that I was cured. I dressed, got breakfast, and was happy and thankful as a man can be. I paid my bill and went on my way. On arriving at San José almost the first person that I met told me that Dr. Townsend and his wife had died of cholera about an hour previously. I was stunned by this news. Now he, and not I, was never again to see the sun rise.

I arrived safely at home, and with my wife felt assured that we were to be free from further trouble from that disease. It was very fatal in San José. Every one who could leave fled, and many thus fleeing carried with them the seeds of disease and suffering.

CHAPTER XL.

IN my farming enterprise I took in as partner Wm. Campbell from Michigan. We put in a crop of grain and vegetables at great expense to me, but this year was the dryest that I have ever known in California, save 1863 and 1864; we had scarcely any crop. I lost all the money that I had, and remained $700 in debt. In addition to this both my wife and myself had a severe spell of sickness.

So here I was on bed-rock again; or rather, I was down below it. I sold my place to Henry Smith and went to Guillermo Castro and to the widow Barbara Soto, and tried to lease some land from them. They owned all the land for miles around the town of San Lorenzo, or Haywards, as it is now called. But they refused to lease any to me or to anyone. On the north side of San Lorenzo creek there is a piece of excellent land, where formerly lived a number of Indians, and which was, at the time of which I write, claimed by Castro and by the Estudillos of San Leandro. There was much doubt among us Americans in that neighborhood of its belonging to either. So I determined to get together

a number of farmers and take up claims on this disputed piece of land. I accordingly notified a number of my friends; we met together and formed an association for the taking up of claims on this land. I had the first choice, and selected the place afterwards sold by me to Mr. E. T. Crane, and now belonging to him. The others took up their respective claims, and we christened our place "Squatterville," all agreeing to build houses at once. I immediately commenced building on my claim. While I was at this work Wm. H. Davis came and ordered me off. He was one of the merchants from whom I had bought the stock of goods when I went to Coloma. He knew me well enough, and I reasoned with him and told him that it was unsafe for him to meddle with the squatters. In the end, after much talk, he said I might stay for the present, and asked what I would charge to plow for him 200 acres at San Leandro. At a venture, I said would do it for $1800, and he immediately agreed to pay me that sum for the work and requested me to come to San Leandro when I had finished my house and he would give me a written contract, executed by himself and old Mr. Estudillo. After Mr. Davis had gone I could not but think that this did not look much like driving me off the land. My house was the first one

built, then Joel's and soon all the squatters were housed.

I moved into my house on the first of November, 1851, and on the next day I went to San Leandro to enter into the plowing contract. On meeting Mr. Davis he told me that John B. Ward and one of Mr. Estudillo's daughters were about to be married, the priest being there and everything ready. He asked me to wait till the marriage should be over, and invited me to be present at it. It was the first ceremony that I had ever seen performed by a Roman Catholic priest.

After the ceremony was over the papers were duly executed, and I went home. I never saw old Mr. Estudillo again, as he died shortly afterwards. In this plowing work I took Joel into partnership with me. We finished the job by the first day of January, and then went back to our claim on the San Lorenzo creek and put in our own crops.

CHAPTER XLI.

I *MUST* trouble the reader with a bear story. It will show how recently those animals were in the now thickly settled plain of Alameda county. On May 1st Lew Wittenmeyer came to my house and reported that a large grizzly bear was at Weeks' Landing, near San Leandro, and asked me to go and help to catch him. It was just to my hand, so I mounted him on one of my horses and lent him my rifle. I mounted my vaquero horse, Raton, so that Lew could do the shooting and I the lassoing. My wife warned me to look out or Raton would jump from under me, and the bear would kill me. I said there was no danger. When we got near the Landing the bear saw us coming, and mistrusted from our looks that we meant business. He turned his course and started back for the hills on a run, following a path that led to where the town of San Leandro now is. I told Lew to keep on one side of him, and I would follow the path and lasso him. I ran up close to him and threw the lasso over his head, but he pushed the lasso off and wheeled round so quickly I could hardly get out of his way. My

horse made a spring and nearly threw me off. The bear then stood up on his hind feet and bade defiance to us. I told Lew to shoot, and he shot him in the throat—only a flesh wound. He then started on a run again, as mad a bear as ever a bear could be. I pursued him, and ran up the second time and lassoed him. He turned round, the same as before, and got so near the horse that he struck his tail. This frightened Raton, and he jumped so quick that he threw me on the horn of the saddle. I thought my time had come, but fortunately I regained my position. The bear then raised up on his hind feet, and looked as though he could whip any man, or beast, on earth. I told Lew to fire at his heart. He did so, and killed him. We skinned and cleaned him, and although he was poor, he weighed eight hundred pounds. We divided the meat among the squatters. Lew gave me the skin for the use of the rifle and horse. He or I will never forget that bear.

A short time after this bear-killing frolic, Wittenmeyer and Cole, his partner, came to my house to buy a patch of potatoes that I had planted in February on some rich land near the creek. The frost had bitten the tops off them, and the mustard had grown over them twenty feet high—for on such

land the mustard-seed becomes a great tree, like that mentioned in the scriptures. I told them that I had no potatoes, as the frost had killed all that I had planted. They offered me a grey mare for the crop as it lay in the ground. I had offered them one hundred and fifty dollars for this mare, they asking two hundred dollars. I told them that I did not wish to cheat them, as the crop was a failure. Then I thought I would examine the crop and see what was of it, and afterwards treat with them. I told them so, and that I would see them again about it. Accordingly I went to the potato patch, and on digging a little I found that, notwithstanding the mustard, I had a very fine crop of potatoes, which was matter of great surprise to me. The would-be buyers had been prospecting it before they came to me, and I resolved to keep the crop for myself. After all expense of digging, sacking, and shipping this crop to the city, and selling it for twenty-five cents a pound, it netted me twelve hundred and fifty dollars, and this from only one acre. Some may say that this is a California story, but it is true. The richness of that San Lorenzo land could scarcely be equaled anywhere. The squatters of those days thought it a poor crop of wheat which did not yield thirty, forty, fifty sacks to the acre, or

even more, a sack weighing over one hundred pounds. On that same bottom land nearly adjoining my claim, one year, the oats stood over eight feet high, and a friend of mine on carefully examining it found from forty to fifty stalks of oats from single seeds.

During harvest I bought out Joel's interest in all our crop and farming implements and machinery. While I was threshing the barley crop a pitchfork which had got off the handle was passed into the thresher. In passing through the concave it broke in pieces. Two pieces of the steel passed me, one on each side of my head, and so closely that one of my ears was slightly hurt. It was a close call for me.

CHAPTER XLII.

ON November 1, 1852, Judge A. M. Crane and his brother, E. T. Crane, proposed to buy my claim, crop, and all else that I had. They had just come to California over the plains. They offered three and a quarter cents a pound for my barley, and this with the rest of my belongings came to nine thousand three hundred dollars. I disliked to sell the place. I knew that it would be difficult to find another so good, but I was anxious to go back and visit my relatives and the scenes that I had been familiar with when a boy. So I sold my place to these gentlemen. Judge Crane drew up a deed, I executed it, and he paid me the nine thousand three hundred dollars. I paid up my debts, and had eight thousand five hundred dollars left.

I then took my wife and two children to Napa, where Joel and Minerva were living. I intended them to pass the winter there. My wife's mother was there also. My wife consented to let me go, and she would stay with her sister and Joel. He went to the city with me to see me off. We got to San Francisco on the 12th of November, 1852.

There I met several of my acquaintances. Amongst them was Lew. Wittenmyer, S. Huff, Sam. Street, a wealthy farmer from near Niles, Michigan, returning home; Henderson, one of our squatters; George Harlan, my cousin; and Dr. Gephart from Niles, Michigan, all bound for the Atlantic states. The evening before the sailing of the "Golden Gate," for that was the vessel we were going on, and it was her first trip, Joel and I were walking on Montgomery street. I was several steps ahead. I met Charley Gough. I said, "Hillo, Charley," and reached out my hand to shake hands with him, but he drew back. Then Joel came up, and said, "How do you "do, Charley?" "I don't know either one of you," said Gough. "The devil you don't!" said Joel. "You must have got rich since you peddled milk "for Jake and me." He then explained that he was Charley's twin brother, and told of Charley's return to Baltimore after leaving us. They each had a heavy sandy beard that came down upon the breast. When Charley got back, before going to his father's, he got shaved, went home, and told Harry to go to the same shop and get shaved. When he went in, the barber stared at him, and said, "I can "take my oath that I shaved you half an hour ago. "I never saw a man's beard grow so quick as that."

Next morning I bade Joel farewell, and went aboard the "Golden Gate." I bought a cabin ticket. So did most of the rest of our party. As soon as all were aboard, we were called to the steward's office to draw for a ticket for seats at the first, second, and third tables. I drew a ticket for the first table. I had eaten no breakfast, and was hungry. The beauty of the new vessel, and all her appointments, and the fine table spread out before me, with everything to eat, gave me a good appetite. I had never been on a large vessel before, nor had I ever seen any fine furniture, or anything of aristocratic splendor. To speak the truth, I was a greenhorn.

I sat down to the table thinking I would eat the best meal of all my life. I thought how nice and blessed a thing it was to have plenty of money, and be able during one's whole life to enjoy such food, and live amid refinement and elegance, I bethought me that if my wife and children could be with me I would be the happiest man in the world.

The steamer by this time had got about half way down the harbor, and the water being a little rough she began to roll and heave a little. Suddenly I myself felt like heaving. Cold sweat started out upon me. What had happened to me? I had a qualm worse than any qualm of conscience. A

waiter tapped me on the shoulder, saying, "Excuse "me, sir; you are seasick. Permit me to take you "to your berth." It was worse than that. I was going to die. I didn't want to have my wife there. I would have given a thousand dollars to be where she was, or anywhere else, except in that horrible, heaving, rolling, pitching steamer. I became profane, and cursed the sea and all that were such fools as to "go down to the sea in ships," or steamers either. I was just as badly off all the way to New York.

When we got to near San Diego three men were discovered on board that had not paid their fare. Two of them were put to washing decks, the third one to assist the fireman. When near Acapulco he refused to work, and he was then put on deck, in fair view of eight hundred steerage passengers and four hundred cabin passengers. A barrel with both heads knocked out was put over him, and there he stood, for two or three hours, and became so mortified at twelve hundred people gazing at him that he jumped overboard in front of the wheel, and that was the last we saw of him. We stopped at Acapulco to coal, and the captain gave orders that when the cannon fired all must come aboard. When the steamer started I went into the steerage to see if my

friends were all on board, and to my surprise Sam Street and Henderson were not on the vessel. I went to Captain Patterson, and told him about my two friends being left ashore. He said they would have to wait for another vessel. Just as the steamer was going out of the harbor I saw a small skiff with four persons in it, two rowing with all their might. I told the captain of it, who said that he would not stop. I felt very sorry for them. I plead with the captain, but "No" was his answer. As the steamer was about to go out of sight of them, Street rose up and gave the grand hailing sign of a master mason in distress. The captain saw it, and immediately stopped the vessel. When they came aboard I told Street how I had tried to get the captain to stop for them, and he would not. He then told me that he was a mason, and that saved him. I said, if that is one of the benefits of masonry, as soon as I get back to California I will become a mason. I kept my word.

CHAPTER XLIII.

ON the night when we arrived at Panama I was sleeping on a sofa in the dining-room. I felt some person pulling at my pocket. I threw my right hand in his face. He then retreated. I sent a waiter after him, but he got into the steerage and robbed a miner of $1,000. He was caught, the money was restored to the miner, and the thief was sent back to San Francisco for trial. He was one of the three that stole aboard at that city.

We arrived in Panama on the 28th of November. The natives were celebrating Independence Day. Some of my friends tried hard to get in to see their dancing and general performances, but the black policeman, a Jamaica negro, told us they did not allow white people "in dar."

We hired mules, at twenty dollars apiece, to go to Chagres river, twenty miles off. It was the worst road I ever saw. The mules had worn holes in the rocks belly deep. In many places the bridges were built of logs, with brush and dirt thrown on top. The dirt and brush were all washed off, and the mules had to put one foot in the crack

between the logs and pull out the other. In that way twelve hundred persons got to the Chagres river; one man was murdered by the natives, one woman and one child died by the way.

At Chagres river, I think at Gorgona, there was dinner for those who could eat. I paid my dollar but could not eat a morsel. Everything was dirt—the butter full of insects—nothing but dirt. We then had to pay $2.50 for boat passage down Chagres river to the end of the railroad, by which we went to Aspinwall for a dollar more, so that my expense through from San Francisco to New York came to $348.50. What a gold mine, and better, this was to the company that owned all this and drew the money!

From Aspinwall for New York we went in the steamer Illinois, which stopped at Kingston, Jamaica, to coal. Most of the passengers went ashore to look about and stretch their sea legs. In walking through the streets I must have looked like a green Californian, if there is such a thing. A young woman, dressed up in silk and lace, rushed up to me—and she was pretty enough for anything. She laid hold of me, and cried out, "Oh, my love, I have "been looking for you a long time, and here you are "at last!" I did not understand this kind of women,

and tried to get loose; but she held on to me, and there stood my friends laughing at me as I was blushing like a young girl. At last I got loose, and I could not help thinking of a certain young woman that I had left at Napa, who would have made several practical remarks upon all this.

Here we came near being separated by an absurd occurrence. In going about, two of my friends saw one of the passengers steal a monkey, and called the attention of the owner to the theft. A great hubbub was raised about it, and on searching the steamer one of the stow-aways, who had come aboard at San Francisco without paying, was found with the monkey in the coal bunker. Then the police tried to detain my two friends as witnesses, which would have kept them over to another steamer. After much trouble and stratagem they escaped from the police just as the plank was pulled in, and we left the monkey question to be settled without them.

On December 12th we landed in New York. I had never before seen a large city, and it looked to me like a world. We stayed several days and looked about a good deal. One thing was odd: in going to Brooklyn I gave the ferryman a dime and he gave me back eight copper cents, which to me looked like rubbish.

In New York I bought the finest suit of clothes I ever had for $65. I wanted to surprise my uncle Elijah and his wife, and let them know that I was still alive and a different sort of person from the boy that they had nearly worked to death. We left New York December 14th, and went by Dunkirk, taking the Southern Michigan and Northern Indiana Railroad. When we got to Goshen, Indiana, Street and I separated, he going to Niles, Michigan, and I to Leesburg, Kosciusko county, Indiana, where I was raised. There being no railroad from Goshen to Leesburg, I hired the finest double team in Goshen and drove to my uncle Elijah's. When the fine carriage drove up he was out at his barn. He saw it, and came to the house. I had got out of the carriage. He looked surprised to see such a fine team and silver-mounted carriage, and a healthy looking young man, twenty-four years old, dressed more finely than any one he had ever seen before in his life. Such was the appearance I tried to present, and I know I succeeded. He asked the driver who that gentleman was. The driver told him it was his nephew from California. He did not know me even then, but turned to me and asked if I was Jake. I said, "Yes." He took hold of my right hand, and burst out crying, and would not let go till we got

into the house. My aunt Betsy was sitting on a lounge, and when uncle said, "Betsy, this is Jake," she was perfectly electrified. The blood left her face. She turned white, and tried to get up, but could not move hand or foot. It frightened me. I saw her condition—that she was overpowered. Uncle released my hand; I took hold of hers and raised her off the lounge upon her feet. She commenced crying, and finally said, "Oh, if our son John "was living and could see Jake now, how happy "I would feel." I looked at him and her, both crying. I was prepared for this meeting, and knew the time had come to make a lasting impression on their minds.

I then told them both that they had killed John, and nearly killed me, by working us both to death, but, thank God, said I, when you thought I was at death's door, which I was, the Lord came to me in a dream, and showed me the beautiful land of California, and inspired my grandmother to foretell to me that I would get well and see the finest country on earth. I asked them both if they remembered that dream. They both said they did, and had often talked about it. Even that very morning they said they were talking about it and me. Uncle said, "I told you, Betsy, that I believed

"Jake would come soon and surprise us both, and "here he is." They begged of me to forgive them, and said that they did not know that hard work would kill a boy. I told them that I did forgive them, for we are ordered to forgive if we would be forgiven, but I could not forget. From here I telegraphed to my brother-in-law, Captain P. T. Allen, who had married my sister Martha in 1845. He came at once to see me, and stayed about two weeks, and then returned to Detroit, where he lived. My sister Martha had died in 1847. The captain I found to be an excellent and refined gentleman. I then went to my father's place to see my stepmother and her family. When I came within sight of the old home I had to stop and suppress the thoughts of what that home had been to me—the coldness and lack of affection of my father, and my cruel treatment on the part of the stepmother. I finally had to laugh to myself at the recollection of our final engagement at the breakfast table, when she knocked me out of my seat with the broom. I had never written to them anything about my coming. It was a surprise to all of them. The children were glad to see me, and my stepmother threw her arms around my neck and cried like a baby, and asked me to forgive her for what she had done to me.

I told her the same as I said to my uncle and aunt, "I forgive you, mother, and the Lord knows "it, but I never can forget." I visited all the people that I was acquainted with in 1845, and I was as well treated by them as by my relatives. My only brother, Jehu, I had not yet seen. He lived near Laporte, Indiana. I went to see him and his family. He had a wife and five children, and was not in good circumstances. He had one hundred and sixty acres of land, but all of heavy timber, and only ten or twelve acres cleared. He was six years older than I, being the eldest of my mother's children. He and his wife rejoiced to see me. I bought his interest in our father's farm, which gave him money enough to relieve him of all encumbrances. I went back to my father's place, and bought out all the heirs of his estate, and bought ten acres back from John Beck, a merchant of Leesburgh.

In this way I became the owner of the whole of father's farm of one hundred and forty acres, on Turkey Creek prairie. After I got the place all in my hands, and my visit over, which was only one month, I told my stepmother that I was about to start back to California on Wednesday. This was on Sunday. I told her to keep the place as long as she lived, and after her death I wanted Sylvina, my

half-sister, to have it, if she married a man that I knew to be a good one. If she did not get such a husband she could never have the place. Subsequently she got the husband that I liked, and I let her have the place. I then bought three fine horses, the best I could find in that part, and got ready to start. George, my half-brother, wanted to go. He had fits every full moon. He was twenty years old, and weighed two hundred and eight pounds. His mother was afraid he would fall off the horse and get killed when in a fit, and did not want him to go on that account. He begged of me to take him along. I told my stepmother to let him go, and the journey and the change in his way of living would cure him, so that he would have no more fits. She then consented to let him go, and I let him ride one of my fine horses. He then wanted William Harlan, a cousin of him and me, to go, and I agreed to take him also. William's father's name was John; he was a brother of my father.

CHAPTER XLIV.

I *WAS* ready to start on January 6, 1853, a second time across the plains to California, and I rejoiced to turn my face again toward that blessed land which contained my wife and children. I bade farewell to all my relatives and friends, and particularly to my favorite half-sister Sylvina, whom I again exhorted to be careful and diligent, and make of herself a worthy woman, and get that husband that I would approve of, and then she should have father's farm, *sure*. She promised, and, as I have said, she now lives on the farm with her husband and family.

All these partings were very affecting, and although the most of my immediate relatives had never been very kind toward me, my parting from them stirred me deeply. My cousin, G. W. Harlan, was at Uncle Elijah's, ready to start for California with Samuel Street. We went to Street's home, at Niles, Michigan, and a beautiful home it was. He gave us a kind reception, and next day, January 10, 1853, we all set out on horseback for Missouri, to buy cattle to take with us to California.

When we reached Springfield, Ill., the Legislature was in session. Street had a friend who was a member of the State Senate and asked me to go with him to the Senate chamber. While Street talked to his Senator friend, I was passing in review the rest of them. One Senator, a very tall, thin, sallow-looking man got up and addressed the Senate. He spoke very earnestly and, I thought, eloquently. I thought to myself: "Old man, you are not very "good-looking, but you are the best speaker that I "ever heard." I asked Street's friend who that tall man was that was speaking. He said it was Abraham Lincoln, and that he was the ablest man in the Senate. We stayed all night, and next morning my brother and William took our horses to St. Louis; Street, G. W. Harlan and I took the cars to Alton, on the Mississippi River, where we took the steamboat to St. Louis. There we had to draw our money from Page, Bacon & Co. Street and George went to the Bank to get their money. George had $5,000; Street, $3,500; I had $7,000. They went before I did. Bacon was in the bank, and told them they could not get their money without some reliable person to identify them. They knew nobody in St. Louis. They came back to the hotel and told me the trouble we were in. I said, "I will go and try

"him alone. May be he thinks, from your looks, "that you have robbed some one, and are *no good.*" I went to the bank and presented my check. Bacon said two men had just been in from California, and wanted their money, but that he told them they had to be identified. After some talk, and my telling him who I was, he said, "From your appearance and candor, I will let you have your money." I then told him those two men were my friends, and were going to buy cattle and go to California with me. He then said, "you come with them and I will let them have "their money." I did so, and they got their money without further trouble. Nothing like being good-looking and honest-like! I think the chief reason why Bacon would not let them have the money without being identified, was that George Harlan wore a Mexican serape which he had bought in California, and as the weather was cold he had it on. I had told him it made him look like a greaser, and at the places where we stopped the women wondered at his wearing a "bed quilt" on his shoulders.

At St. Louis we laid in our supplies, and I had two strong wagons built. We shipped everything to Kanesville, opposite Omaha, and left St. Louis on January 20th, bound for southern Missouri. In St. Clair County I bought 100 cows for $2,000. I had now

306 head of very good cattle, six fine horses and an excellent stallion. Everything was ready for a start. On March 4th we crossed the Missouri river at Independence, and went thence by way of Coonville, Iowa, to Kanesville, where we were to recross the Missouri. While preparing to cross we had everything about a mile from town, at the place of a man named Hogan, who had a log house and entertained travelers. When we arrived at this house, we found two men who had arrived before us, one on foot and the other on horseback. Those two had secured the only bed, so that we had to spread our blankets on the floor before the fire. One of our party wished to turn in with those two, but the man that came on horseback objected. After some rather hard talk, one of my men named Perry, a Virginian, and a very tall, strong man, became very angry and swore that he would get into that bed and sleep there, and would kick out of bed any one who would object to it. So, in he rolled behind the other two. About two o'clock in the morning, the man who had come on foot and was in bed with them got up and went out, and Perry rolled into the middle of the bed. In the morning, after breakfast, Hogan, the landlord, came to me and said that the old man that came on horseback had been robbed of $13.50, all

the money he had, and that my man Perry or the footman had done it, "For," said Hogan, "I sat up "all night and nobody else could do it without my "seeing it." I asked where the footman was, and he said he had paid his bill of forty cents and had gone with only ten cents left. I told him to saddle a horse and go with me and we would search him. He did so, and in about a mile we overtook the footman. I accused him of the robbery. He denied it, and declared that he had only ten cents. We stripped him, but could find nothing but ten cents. I asked him what he had in that cloth. He said bread and bacon for a lunch. I examined his bread and found nothing. I then looked his bacon over carefully, and was going to give it to him, when a thought struck me to cut it all to pieces. I took my my knife and commenced operations when I struck a half dollar. I then found the whole of the money, $13.00; forty cents he gave for his lodging and ten cents in his pocket, made the $13.50 stolen from the old man.

The county was newly organized. We took him to a Justice of the Peace, who said they had no jail, and he would hand him over to me; he did not care if I killed him. Hogan and I took him back to his house. I then told Perry to tie his hands to

a limb of a fallen tree and cut a hickory withe and give him on his naked back fifty lashes. He did so. After he was whipped he shook hands with John and me, and said he was following my train to steal my fine stallion. I asked him if he would follow me any further. He said "No; look at the blood in "my shoes and see my back. I will never steal "again." I told him to be sure and keep his word. This was frontier justice.

CHAPTER XLV.

ON May 1st, 1853, we crossed the Missouri river at Coonville into Nebraska Territory. When we got to the Elkhorn river it was up to its highest water-mark, and we had to make a ferryboat of a wagon-bed. We got all over but the running gear of the wagon. A German we called Dave got into the bed with a boy named Mark, and Dave took hold of the tongue of the wagon to steer the bed. I cried out to him to let go that tongue or he would upset the bed, and at that moment over it went; the wagon sunk in forty feet of water. Dave caught hold of an ox yoke, and swam out. I threw a rope and pulled him ashore. The bed was pulled ashore, and Mark's foot had caught in a rope when the bed was turned over. Mark was in it, drowned. I had a ten and a five gallon keg of whisky. I put him on the ten gallon keg, head downwards, and rolled the barrel back and forth. The water ran out of his mouth like pouring it out of a coffee pot. I had a good camp-fire near the tent. I then had the boys rub him with flannel and whisky, and in half an hour he began to breathe after I blew my breath

into his mouth. He then soon revived. I told Dave to get his duds out of the wagon and go back to Omaha. I had to buy another wagon. Just below my crossing, a hundred yards off, another train was passing in the same manner and drowned one man and two horses.

One of my kegs appeared to be not quite full. I asked my men (I had nine) if any of them had been at the whisky. Joe Martin, a blacksmith, said they had; that David had bored a gimlet hole in the five gallon keg, and all of them but George, my brother, had got straws and sucked it out. I then gave them orders if any man touched that without my permission I would expel him from the company. My brother George and I never tasted a drop of it, and I was glad when it was gone.

After leaving the Elkhorn a day's travel we met two hundred Omaha Indians returning from a buffalo hunt. I had two cows which gave out at that time, so I camped and brother George and I went back to get them. When we got near we saw that the Indians had already killed the cows and were eating them raw, guts, paunch, blood, and everything except the bones and hides. They looked like a set of wolves. They started to run when they saw us coming. I motioned for them to

come back, and they did so. I pointed to one cow which they had only commenced on when they saw us coming. I laughed, and made signs to them to pitch in and eat. They made a rush for the entrails, and about a dozen got hold and ran with them to keep others from getting a taste of such a luscious morsel. They acted like a lot of poor, starved hogs.

It rained and stormed most of the way coming up the Platte river. One incident occurred with two of my men one night while rain was pouring down. They slept together in our tent. Bill said to Tom, "I saw it rain in Missouri one time as it is "raining now, and when the rain was over the "ground was all covered with little fishes." Tom swore he was a liar, and with that they sprung out of bed and were pounding each other, when my brother awoke me and said Tom and Bill were fighting. I cried out to them, and they stopped and went back to bed. That is the only difficulty I had with any of them during the trip. I believe Bill told the truth, as I have read and heard of small fishes, frogs, and other things coming down with the rain. These could not have grown in the air. I believe they must have been scooped up from ponds or water-courses by some water-spout or whirlwind, and then let fall upon the earth.

As we were nearing Salt Lake I took erysipelas on my right arm; it commenced swelling from two small yellow blisters on the arm above the elbow. I tied my handkerchief around close to the shoulder, but the swelling continued all day. My arm and hand were frightful to look at. I thought my time had come. I rode ahead of the company, and all day watched the progress of the swelling. I knew how serious it was, and was troubled with the thought of leaving unprotected my wife and children. I prayed to the Lord to save my life, as he had done so often before. There were no doctors near that I knew of. My men were all afraid that I would die, and leave them with the stock. I got so bad I told them to encamp, and I lay down in the tent, thinking it was my last day on earth. While in that state of mind my brother George came to me, and said that a company had just driven up and encamped close by. I told him to go as quickly as he could and tell them how ill I was. He went, and came back with a man and woman. The lady was an old maid, and was a homœopathic physician, and the man was her brother-in-law. They had come from Chicago. She said I had erysipelas, and it was a very bad case, but I need not be alarmed, as she could cure me. She then took a small lancet and lanced the blis-

ters, and gave me some small pills, the size of a pin-head. She also made a poultice of bread and milk and applied it to the part lanced. The gentleman's wife came over, and they all sat up with me during the night. I wanted them to go to their tent and get some sleep, but they would not do it. Toward day the swelling had gone down to less than one third of what it was the night before. When morning came the lady doctor said I was safe, and in a day or two I would be well. The married sister brought me a nice breakfast, which tasted good to me because it was cooked by a woman. I offered that lady doctor that morning one hundred dollars, but she would not take a cent. I pleaded with her, and told her she had saved my life, and I wanted to recompense her for it; but it was useless, she would not accept anything. I have never seen her since and do not know who she was.

CHAPTER XLVI.

ABOUT 1st of August we got to the Soda springs and Steamboat springs in Bear valley, near Salt lake. They are a great natural curiosity. The soda springs issue out of a soft, limestone rock about forty feet high, the soda water coming out all over it and all around it. At the base there is another, in the shape of a large, cast-iron, round oven. It is about four feet high, and the water boils up inside. A tin cup was fastened there with a chain for emigrants to drink of it.

I camped there that night, and bought a Snake Indian pony from a Mormon trader. He got the pony from the Bannack Indians. I called him Banny, and he was said to be the fastest horse they had in those two tribes of Indians. He was of a blue color, with white face, and all four of his legs white up to the knees. He was the best saddle horse I ever had or ever saw in my life. In a 500-yard race he could outrun any horse that he was ever run against in California, and he ran against many fast horses. I paid $105 for him, and refused $500 many a time. He was as well known in San Joaquin, Alameda,

and Contra Costa counties as I was myself. This noble horse lived to be thirty-two years old, and then there was not a windgall or sprain or blemish about him. He was a perfect horse for his size, and only weighed nine hundred pounds.

While camped here at Soda springs I told the boys to grease the wagons, while I looked at Steamboat springs. Brother George wanted to show his strength to the others; he got down under the wagon, put his shoulders under the axletree, and lifted the wagon from the ground for greasing. He tumbled over and had a fit, the first one he had had since leaving home, six months before, when I told his mother that if he obeyed me he would never have another fit. The boys were frightened, as when I came back he lay frothing at the mouth. I threw some water in his face, and he soon recovered. I then gave him a lecture that he will never forget for disobeying me. When I started with him I bought him a pipe and tobacco and put him to smoking to take the surplus flesh off. I gave him strict orders against overloading his stomach, and not to lift or do anything that would cause the blood to flow to his head. I had watched him in his eating and drinking all the way and slept with him, and knew if he obeyed me he would be a well

man. That fit taught him a lesson, for he has never had but one since, and that was brought on in the same way, by lifting a heavy gate of mine in my absence. I then gave him a second lecture, and he has never had another fit, although thirty-four years have rolled by. My promise to his mother in his case I have fulfilled to the letter.

We got to the San Joaquin river, at Bonsel's Ferry, with 187 head of cattle and six good horses, including my stallion. During the journey I lost 119 head, mostly by eating poisonous weeds. Bonsell had died of cholera in 1850. I bought a claim from Capt. Harding for $3,500, one mile east of Bonsell's Ferry and eleven miles from Stockton. I bought this place the same day we got there, 27th September, 1853. We had been five months and twenty-one days on the road from Omaha to Stockton.

Having bought this place, I went for my wife and children, who were living with my cousin Joel at his farm of 370 acres in San Ramon Valley. I brought my family back with me to my claim on the San Joaquin, and went to work to make a home for us all. I planted a good orchard and fixed my place up in good style. Sometime afterwards I traded my claim with Mr. Garnet and another, giving them in addition $2,500 in cattle, and they conveying

to me the undivided one-half of the Slocum Ferry, on the San Joaquin river. This is the lowest ferry on that river. It is now called Johnson's Ferry and is one and a half miles below the Bonsel Ferry and eleven miles from Stockton. Leach owned the other undivided half. The house had eight rooms, was new and two stories high. I saw at once that I had a good thing if I could buy Leach out, as the ferry was paying well. Our receipts were twenty dollars a day clear of all expenses. I rented fifty cows to L. E. Morgan, near San Pablo, in Contra Costa County, for one hundred and fifty dollars a month. Leach and I bought 160 four-year old steers for $9,600. I had forty-five of my own. We took them to San Pablo and put them on stubble. I then started a milk ranch on the creek east of San Pablo. I took seventy-five cows to that ranch and hired Sweet to make butter. In driving those seventy-five cows from the ferry to San Pablo, on the San Pablo creek, I was stopped by old Major Dowling, who had an unfenced patch of wheat on both sides of the public road. He ran up to me and said, putting his right hand in his back pocket, "if you drive "those cattle through here it is at the peril of your "life." I was riding Banny, my pony that I have described. I put my hand in my pocket and drew

a dirk knife. Banny jumped against him and threw him down. He said: "for ——— sake, don't kill "me." He ran to his house and got his rifle, and he and his brother came running out—the brother having a pistol. I had a large navy revolver, and as soon as they came out of their house I charged upon them with my pistol pointed towards them. Upon this, they both dropped their arms and ran into the house and fastened the door. Davis and Sweet and my brother George were with me; they wished to help me, but I told them not to interfere and get themselves into a scrape, as I alone was good for those two men without any help. And I said what was true, for the two Dowlings were bragging cowards. This was on May 9th, 1856, and they went off to San Pablo and had me arrested. I was taken before Justice Clark, and just as I got into the court-room, the report came that Casey had killed James King of Wm. in San Francisco. It created great excitement. I sent to Oakland and employed S. B. McKee as my lawyer. He has since been supreme judge. Before trial the Dowlings got scared and paid all costs and charges and withdrew the suit; they even paid McKee's fee, although he did not come till the settlement had been made. I have never been arrested except on this occasion.

CHAPTER XLVII.

HAVING removed from San Francisco, I was not a member of the Vigilance Committee, as I certainly would have been if I had still been a resident there. I have always approved of its objects and its course. The evils existing in our society were very great, and needed just such a remedy since the laws had become practically inoperative against evil-doers. I have been in contact with such characters many times, and had much experience of them, and I know that at that time they had the upper hand to such a degree, that it was useless to think of applying any law to their case, except that of fire-arms and the halter.

After this, I sold the cattle which I had bought with Leach and forty-five head of my own to Samuel B. Martin for twelve thousand, three hundred and twenty dollars, and then I went back to the ferry and bought Leach out for four thousand, five hundred dollars Thus I owned the whole ferry, which cost me ten thousand, five hundred dollars. My income from it was from four hundred to five hundred dollars per month, and during the month when the State fair was in Stockton I took in one thousand dollars.

I had the finest team in San Joaquin County. They were black horses that I had bought in Indiana. John McMullen, Wash. Train's partner, offered me one thousand dollars for them. I wanted to let him have them, but I had told my wife that I never would sell that team without her consent, and she objected, so I kept them. I had one hundred and twelve and a half dollars a month of income from property in San Francisco. My total income was from five hundred and fifty to six hundred dollars a month. I also had three hundred head of cattle and twenty-five head of horses. I was as popular a man as there was in that county. Various times my friends wanted to run me for office, but I always refused to allow my name to be used in politics.

On July 15th, 1857, I received through the post-office at Stockton a letter from a man signed Coon, who said he wanted possession of his lot on the corner of Union and Dupont streets. I was thunderstruck. I went to the City and found one Gavin, a searcher of records, who had bought the lot for twenty dollars from John Kelley, a drunken Irishman that came out in Stevenson's regiment. The ground alone was bringing Joel and myself two hundred dollars per month. We had just paid twenty-five hundred dollars for planking and grading

the streets and sidewalks. The record showed that Wm McDonald had no title; it was in John Kelly. I went to Murphy's Diggings, in Calaveras County, and found Kelly, who said he only gave Gavin a power of attorney to act for him. I told him he gave a deed and that I had seen it on record. I then wanted him to make me a second deed for three thousand dollars. Judge Woods, a lawyer, said the second deed would be worthless and I would lose my money. I did not know what to do, but as soon as I left, William Codington, of Murphy's Diggings, gave Kelly five hundred dollars and took a second deed and entered suit in the Fourth District Court, before Judge Hager, and beat us out of that fine property. Our opponent's attorney was Elisha Cook. We had old Judge Shattuck and Alex. Campbell. We paid them seven hundred dollars, and lost that too. Codington and Gavin divided the money between them, after selling the property for twelve thousand dollars.

On October 20th, 1859, my health was bad, and had been so for the past six months. I went to Dr. Toland, Dr. Whitney and all the noted doctors in the City, but none could cure me. The last one was Doctor Hastings, who told me it was miasma in my system, and to sell the ferry and get away from

the low lands. I then traded the ferry for cattle, and went to San Pablo to get my cows that Sweet was milking. When I got there, he said the largest grizzly bear that was ever seen by any of the old Spanish settlers, had killed eleven head of my cows and one of Davis and a fine three-year old colt of Victor Castro. Mine were all choice cows worth one hundred dollars each. I told him he ought to have let me know sooner.

There was a hunter named Bob Dykeman, known on the San Joaquin as Hunter Bob. I told Bob I would give him one hundred dollars if he would kill that bear. I got two hounds of Mr. Medenhall, and one morning, after the bear had killed another fine colt of Victor Castro, I started with Bob and old Davis, a North Carolina hunter, who said no bear could scare him.

The hounds soon found the bear in a tributary that runs into San Pablo creek. As they were chasing him out of his bed, Davis went down into the creek to get a drink of water. The bear was above him about ten steps. Bob and I were on the opposite side of the creek from the bear, which stood in fair view, fighting the hounds. I told Bob to be careful and not shoot one of the hounds, and to aim for his heart. Bob took fair aim, and shot him

through the heart. He rolled down into the creek and knocked old Davis down. The bear's dying groans could be heard a mile off. I called to Davis to run, but he said, "I can't get these ——— old legs "of mine to move." So the bear died at Davis' feet. Bob and I ran down with our guns and knives to save Davis, and when we got to him he was as white a looking man as I ever had seen. He had hold of his gun with both hands with the butt end on the ground, trying to get up on his feet, and was so frightened he could not move.

Bob cut the bear's throat with his hunting knife, and told me that if I would give him that monster of a bear he would take him for the hundred dollars. I let him have the bear, and he skinned him and sold the skin for thirty-five dollars, and then sold the meat in Oakland. It weighed fifteen hundred pounds. He got for the skin and meat one hundred and fifty dollars.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

I MAY as well say a little more about the bears, as an old pioneer's account of early events in California would be nothing without a number of bear stories.

I have had several experiences with the grizzly—G. B., Esq., as we used to call him. The California Indian, as a general thing, was a very insignificant being, and when we Americans settled here the Spaniards had so cowed him that we seldom took him into account. With G. B., Esq., it was very different. He was the real monarch of the mountain and plain, and contact with him was a very serious business. The native Californians were not very well skilled in the use of firearms. When they hunted the bear it was usually on horseback and with the lasso, but a full grown grizzly is as strong as a horse, and one horseman was but a poor match for him. As I have described in my own case, when lassoed by one man he would either strip the lasso from his neck or leg, or he could lay hold of the reata with his hands, just like a man, and haul horse and rider up to him, and then it was a hard

case for the hunter. Major Reading, of whom I write in this book, was nearly killed in some such way, his horse being killed and his own heel nearly torn off, and that, too, by a wounded bear.

Early in the '50's the Coast Range, and the interior valleys, too, were numerously peopled with grizzlies. In hunting our cattle we hardly ever failed to encounter them. Sometimes they would be cowardly and run, but more often they would stand their ground and offer battle or make attack.

A respectable native Californian yet alive gives his experience. It occurred when a rodeo was about to be made on his father's rancho, in what is now Santa Cruz county. When a rodeo was to take place a ranchero would give notice to his neighbors, who would assemble and collect all the cattle of their respective ranchos, within specified rodeo boundaries, and round them up at an appointed place on the rancho of him giving the notice. Then each ranchero, having seen that the young stock were branded and marked with the mark and brand of the owner, would separate what belonged to him and take them home to his own rancho; the calves and colts being recognized by their running with their mothers.

This Californian was then a boy about thirteen

years old. He was sent with two Indian servants of his father to gather the stock, and on passing through a hollow in the hills, where there were clumps of redwood trees, they encountered a very large grizzly. One of the Indians cried, "Let us "lasso him," and spurred down the hill, throwing the reata around the beast's neck. Just then his horse fell, and *he* fell close to the bear, which laid hold of him. The Indian called in the Indian language, "Oh, brother, he is killing me," upon which the other Indian leaped from his horse, and with his knife in hand got astride of the bear's back and plunged the knife into him and killed him. In dying, however, the bear seized with his teeth the hand which held the knife and so crushed it that it was ruined and shrivelled up. The other man, who was on the ground under the bear, was but little hurt.

This Californian is a man of truth, and his story should not be doubted. It may be judged that the man who would, single handed, thus grapple with one of those savage animals was no coward.

The priest of the church of Santa Cruz early in the '50's was one whom I will call Padre Francisco. On one occasion, having to pass over the Coast Range to Santa Clara and San Francisco, he took a boy

with him—one of the Bolcoff boys—to take care of the horses. They were on horseback and went by a trail which came out on the Santa Clara side of the Coast Range, somewhere about New Almaden. On the top of the mountain was a tasajera, or meat-drying place, where some Californians were making dried beef from the meat of wild cattle which were then found on the mountain, and having no mark or brand, belonged to him who could capture them. This tasajera was a log house with no window but only a low door, and the meat was hung on strips of raw hide stretched across over a fire which smouldered on the middle of the floor.

The plan of the padre was to start from the Santa Cruz side late in the afternoon and stay all night at this tasajera, and then ride down to Santa Clara next morning.

Arriving at the cabin, the boy unsaddled the two horses and led them off to drink and to be staked out for the night. Padre Francisco put his saddle blanket on the floor on the side of the fire away from the door. He shut the door with an ox-yoke which was there, and sat down on his blanket to read his evening service. While sitting, thus employed, he observed that the door was pushed open, the yoke falling on the floor. Thinking that the

boy was coming in, he was on the point of telling him to go out till the service was over, but, raising his eyes, he saw through the smoke that his visitor was a very large grizzly which had pushed the door open and was entering reared up on his hind legs in order to reach the meat which was hanging across the upper part of the cabin, over the fire. Just then their eyes met, and the Padre said his visitor's eyes were like sparks of fire. With instantaneous impulse the Padre seized a burning brand from the fire and thrust it into the bear's face, crying: "Ay! "gran pícaro tu."—Oh! you great rascal. The bear was frightened out of his ferocity. He turned and made a dive for the door, but missed it and took out the whole corner of the cabin. Padre Francisco declared that up to that moment he had no fear, but when it was over he saw what a risky place it was to pass the night in. So, he shut his book, called the boy with the horses, saddled up and went to Santa Clara that night.

These bear stories, I guess, are about as many as my readers can stand.

CHAPTER XLIX.

I *TOOK* my cattle to Cholama Valley, in San Luis Obispo County.

I hired my brother George to take care of these cattle and built a good log house and corral. I then returned to Alameda County and bought a squatter claim adjoining the site of the present Alameda County Infirmary. I paid my cousin G. W. Harlan thirteen hundred dollars for it, and some time afterward I bought from the Estudillos fifty-eight and three-fourths acres for seventy-five dollars per acre, in the town of San Leandro. The Estudillos had much dispute with Guillermo Castro about the greater part of the land upon which we squatters settled, as before stated. Castro claimed this land as belonging to his Rancho of San Lorenzo, and the Estudillos claimed it as belonging to their Rancho of San Leandro. These squabbles between the Spanish claimants proved very advantageous to us who held possession. We waited to see how the rancho titles might be settled, and they could not molest us while they were indulging in litigation with one another. Finally, I found on examination, and by taking

advice, that Castro was the owner of my land, and I acknowledged his title to him and to his attorney, R. Simson, and took a lease of my claim which adjoined the present infirmary property. I told him that I was not the man to steal any man's real or personal property. Being convinced of Castro's rights, I did the fair thing by recognizing them. Of the Spanish Californians that I have known, Guillermo Castro was about the best. He was a white man as much as any of us. A spare, wiry man, with brown eyes and hair, and physically active and tough. He was a splendid horseman, and I do not remember any man who was his superior in that respect. He was a very extravagant man and spent his money freely and, as I thought, foolishly. His rancho was over six square leagues, or more than twenty-six thousand acres, and by his extravagant ways he so involved it, that finally in 1860 or '61 he was forced to sell it to F. D. Atherton and Mr. Grogan, realizing but a small sum, comparatively, over the mortgages with which he had burdened it. He went to South America, and there died. His son, Luis Castro, has been County Surveyor of Alameda County for three or four successive terms, and has given satisfaction as a careful and honest official.

In acknowledging this title, and thus ceasing to be one of them, I laid myself open to the enmity of some of the squatters. Two of them, Dr. Powers and C. P. Wray, were strong in denouncing my surrender, as they called it. I cared nothing for the blame which they threw at me. I could well take care of myself, and I knew them both too well to fear them. Wray had been squatted on the widow Soto's rancho of San Lorenzo, which comprised the plain lying between Haywards and the bay. He was ejected from there, and then with his brother squatted on a piece of the Estudillo land, which had been sold to a respectable man, L. Knox. The latter began to build his house and had the foundation laid, when one day as I was passing I stopped there for a short time with my herdsman. Presently Wray rode up, dismounted from his horse, and began to destroy the structure, throwing the timbers about, and also injuring Proctor, the carpenter, by throwing a carpenter's square at him. Knox then got his double barreled gun and Wray drew a revolver. They were only about ten feet apart, and both much enraged. I quickly placed myself between them and commanded them to keep the peace, although the two men were so furious that it was not the safest thing to do. Finally Knox's brother

interfered, and caused the gun to be put away. I turned to Wray and gave him a left handed benediction, which did not make him the more friendly to me.

Dr. Powers, whom I have mentioned, was one of the meanest as well as the most uncompromising of all the squatters upon the plain. He was determined to get possession of a piece of land which was enclosed by a fence which Mr. J. B. Ward had built. An old man, a sort of Indian, occupied it for the Estudillos. Powers coveted that land, and stopped at nothing to get hold of it. The word in the neighborhood was that he dressed himself like a ghost and scared the old Indian off the place and then burned down the house, and also burned the fine crop of barley which grew there. Powers then entered and defied the Estudillos, and also, as the land was claimed by Guillermo Castro, he defied the latter, and threatened to kill either of them or any one acting for them.

As I have said before, I believe that by continually dwelling on the subject of land titles—thinking of nothing else—Powers became a kind of monomaniac, and this insanity took a violent form. He was always going to kill somebody. He threatened the life of Mr. Ward, of Mr. Castro and some of his

sons, and of Mr. Simson (Castro's attorney), of his neighbor Mr. Lemon, of myself, and of Mr. Clark, the attorney of the Estudillos. He swore he would kill Simson if suit was brought to eject him (Powers) from the land. Simson "didn't scare worth a cent," but went to Powers' house and called him to account for this, and notified him that on that day, or the next, summons would be served upon him. Powers backed down, and showed his cowardice, just as he did to myself a short time previously.

I had brought from Cholama valley forty head of beef cattle, all in fine condition, and had put them on the one hundred and sixty acre claim which I had bought from my cousin and which adjoined the land squatted on by Powers. My claim was fenced in by a good, strong three-board fence. One morning I missed my cattle. I mounted, and followed their trail through the pass which leads to Castro valley. I overtook them at the creek, at the entrance to the valley, near the house of Mr. Hughes, now belonging to Mr. Strobridge. Powers was on horseback, driving them. He was holding altercation with Hughes about the cattle having broken Hughes' gate, which was on the bridge of the creek.

On seeing that Powers was armed I drew and cocked my revolver, and ordered him to turn the

cattle about and drive them back to my place. I had the drop on him, and he dared not make a hostile move. Hughes was as mad as a hornet, and called out to me to shoot the rascal. Hughes was a leading Methodist, and I suppose he intended what he said to be taken as praying, but it sounded to me very much like cursing. I controlled myself and did not shoot, but compelled Powers to drive my cattle back and put them within my fence, whence he had driven them.

As I have said, the land which we all squatted on was partly claimed by Castro and by the Estudillos. They settled their dispute, and then Simson, Castro's attorney, sued the squatters. Among the rest Powers was ejected, and then he was going to kill his own lawyer who had defended him. He then went (I believe at my suggestion) to the San Benito country, squatted on more land than he could lawfully hold, and made himself so obnoxious to the neighborhood that some of the neighbors killed him. Knowing Powers so well, I did not wonder at their killing him, but it was done with cruel attending circumstances which no man can approve. There have already been three mis-trials of persons accused of killing him, which, with the cloud of witnesses cited each time, has been a grievous expense to that county—more, I guess, than old Powers himself could have been assessed at.

CHAPTER L.

AS the winter of 1861 and '62 was the wettest and stormiest which had been experienced in California within the memory of the American emigrants, so that of 1863 and '64 was the driest. In both cases the cattle which were in the pastures suffered greatly. I went to see to my cattle in Cholama valley, in San Luis county. I found them doing well. I branded and marked three hundred and fifty calves, and had on my rodeo ground twelve hundred head of cattle. Old Isaac Yoakum offered me ten thousand dollars for them. I refused to treat with him, to my great loss afterwards. I did not like Yoakum much. He was a hard old nut, and that was, probably, one reason why I was somewhat short with him and refused to sell to him. Had I done so it would have saved me from much misfortune and from going down hill as I afterwards did. I was not a prophet to see into the future.

While at my San Luis Obispo place I came very near losing my life. I told my herdsman, Jacob Kiefer, a Swiss, and Elijah, my half brother, to pre-

pare to kill a beef. I was riding Banny, my old favorite lasso horse. I lassoed a wild, three-year-old Spanish cow, tied her head to the gate-post and her hind feet to the gate-post of the partition fence that ran through the center of the corral. I dismounted in order to kill her with my hunting knife, and just a I touched her throat the reata broke at her head, and she ran at me with all the vengeance of a grizzly bear. I ran for the partition gate, she after me, hooking me in the back. Her hind feet were still tied, and I thought if I got to the end of that reata I was safe; but she came with such force that it broke also. Then she was free to kill me, and I knew it. Every act of my life went through my mind like a streak of lightning. I called upon the Lord to save me, for I knew He only had the power. At that moment the cow had me against the posts of the corral, my back all lacerated with her horns. She put her horns under my thighs and raised me up six feet, to the top of one high post. That, fortunately for me, was rotten. I struck the post with such force that it broke, and I went through the aperture and fell outside the corral, about a rod off, on my hands and face. That frightened the cow, and she ran back and out of the corral. My brother and Jack, as we called my herdsman, were on top of

the corral fence, looking on and unable to come to my assistance. I was terribly mangled up, but soon got well. I have never forgotten that narrow escape from death.

I then bought a claim of one hundred and sixty acres from Juan Tapia, seven miles below my place, and told Jack if the feed got scarce to move the stock thither. On June 6, 1864, I picked up the San Francisco *Evening Bulletin*, and saw an article stating that J. W. Harlan, a large stock raiser of Cholama valley, San Luis Obispo county, had his herdsman murdered by three Spaniards; that an old Mexican sheep-herder, who saw the murder committed, was shot and set up by a tree and a cigarito put in his mouth; that thirty-five of Harlan's horses were run off; that his cattle were dying for lack of feed and care, and that Hollister claimed to have a grant on Harlan's stock ranch and had driven five thousand head of sheep on it.

I took the paper home and read it to my wife. We both wept most bitterly. I saddled Banny, and rode eighty miles a day. When I reached my ranch no pen can describe nor tongue tell the horrible sight. I saw my fine Durham cattle lying dead in every direction and thirty-five head of my best saddle horses stolen and run off. I got down on my

knees and cried, and prayed to the Lord to know what this all meant and what I had done to cause His wrath to be poured out against me in this manner. I plead fervently that he would let me die on the spot. I then arose from my prayer and felt relieved and my full senses restored.

I notified my neighbors, who lived ten, fifteen, and twenty miles from my ranch, and when they heard of the commission of the great crime about twenty of them went and arrested Apolinario, a Spaniard who had cattle on the place which I had bought; also three-fingered Jack, who was with Joaquin Murieta, and another of Joaquin's gang. They had all the evidence they wanted to hang these murderers, who had used short Spanish swords to kill Jack. They had run him around a circuit of one acre, and stabbed him nineteen times and thrown him into a ditch. Apolinario's horse was a bayo, shod all round. One shoe was half gone, and they found his tracks to correspond with the tracks where Jack was killed. Blood was found on their horses and on their clothing. Juan Tapia's wife saw them at her house, trying to wash the blood off and she heard the screams of Jack as they were killing him. My neighbors were exposed to similar outrages, and they resolved themselves into a kind

of vigilance committee, satisfied themselves of the guilt of the arrested parties, and got everything ready to hang them; but just then Sheriff Castro of that county came with a force of about one hundred men, mostly Spaniards, and took the assassins away to the county town, where they were liberated.

John Cahill, one of my neighbors, had a brother, William Cahill, who lived in San Jose. John had some cattle on a claim about 15 miles from mine. What were left of my stock were scattered all over that country, and John said his brother would give me for what they could find of my stock one thousand dollars and two mares, which were with foal by the stallion called "Gen. Taylor," and were valued at five hundred dollars. I agreed to this, and we went to San José to finish the bargain with the brother there. He was pleased with the bargain, and I received from them the two mares and agreed to take a mortgage for the thousand dollars on the brother's home property in San José, payable in three months from that date. I took the mares and went home, and it was agreed between us that I should come on the Thursday following (this being Saturday), when the necessary papers would be ready for me. This delay was caused by the fact that William Cahill was on the point of starting to

the country, about New Almaden, with a hunting party of his friends, who were waiting for him, and he would be back on the Thursday mentioned. I went home and returned on the next Wednesday to San José. On meeting John Cahill, he told me that on that morning, as his brother was about to start for home, in pulling his gun out of the wagon, both barrels went off and tore his heart and lungs to shreds. The family had just returned from the funeral, and Mrs. Cahill and her three daughters, all in mourning, came crying and shook hands with me, and I deeply regretted their greater loss than mine. I stayed with John Cahill that night and received his assurance that he would faithfully complete our bargain and pay me the thousand dollars. He was a man of his word, and did so by delivering to me, on April 10th following, forty head of fat steers in full settlement of our bargain.

CHAPTER LI.

ON February 13th, 1866, I received a telegram from Henry Fowler stating that his father,—my father-in-law—was dying, and that we should come immediately. We went, and the old gentleman lived a few days after our arrival, when he died at the age of 87. He was a stern, but a good, and thoroughly honest man, and was much respected by those who knew him.

On July 1st, of the same year, I was afflicted with the greatest misfortune of my life. My wife took sick and became very ill. I called in two of the leading physicians of Alameda County to treat her case, but she lingered a few days and then left me. At her death, she was within a few days of being thirty-six years of age. Of all the losses that I have suffered, this was the greatest. I felt that my own grip on life was loosened and, in fact, since then prosperity has seemed to have left me. She was a good Christian woman, and was much respected and loved, and was followed to her grave by the largest number of people that I had yet seen at a funeral in that neighborhood. It was a sad and severe blow to me.

On the day of the funeral I myself was taken sick and remained so for three weeks, and, but for my children, I would gladly have welcomed my end.

I still had some quite valuable real estate at San Leandro and on October 14th, 1866, I gave George Estabrook Smith a written contract to lay out and sell all the upper portion of my land, in town lots, at two hundred dollars per acre. I let him have eighteen months to dispose of it. He had it surveyed and a map drawn and recorded, and called it Harlan's Addition to the Town of San Leandro—three streets running through it from the Hayward road to Watkins Street. The first street on the North was called Castro Street; the second, Harlan Street; third, Estabrook Street. I told my children that all I could give them was an education in the public schools.

On the 20th of October, 1868, we had the heaviest shock of earthquake that had ever been felt since the American inhabitants had been in California. It shook the Court-house down in San Leandro, and killed J. W. Joselyn, a clerk for S. Huff, in the Treasurer's office. C. E. Palmer was with him at the time, and tried to pull him back as the building was falling in front, but could not, and he was buried in seven or eight feet of bricks. Palmer ran back

with deputy sheriff Borien and jumped out of the window. Joselyn was a member of the Masonic Fraternity. I was Tyler of the Lodge No. 113, and took charge of the remains till their burial in the Oakland Masonic Cemetery.

I have now to tell how I lost my grip and went down hill on the run, as many an old man and old Californian has done before me. I had a mortgage on my homestead to secure the payment of three thousand dollars. It was eating me up, and I sold the homestead for five thousand dollars, paid off the mortgage and my other debts, and had twenty-three hundred dollars left. In January, 1872, I bought out a hotel in Calistoga and tried hard to do well in it. It was here that I again came into contact with Keseburg, as I have already told. It took me a little over a year to find out that I was not the man to keep a hotel and that I was completely broken up. So I left off hotel-keeping and went to work near Livermore, for wages, on a farm. I thus worked for eleven months at common farm work. Then I preëmpted one hundred and sixty acres, twelve miles north of Livermore, on a spur of the Monte Diablo Range, two thousand feet above sea level, and in the roughest part of that rough country. Here I remained till September 1877. I

was more alone than ever I had been in my life. My neighbors—so to call them—lived far away from me and were not of a very agreeable cast. I read my bible through, from beginning to end, once during each year of my hermitage in those hills. That old book was the only company that I had. At last, I felt that I could not stand it longer, so I sold my claim to two Portuguese for fifteen hundred dollars, paid my debts and had eight hundred dollars left. Chance, however, made me a hermit again. I had gone to Tasajera Valley on some business, and my horse got away and ran clear back to the claim which I had just sold. In seeking him, I encountered a Spanish woman named García, whose husband had been murdered, and had left a claim situated about a mile and a half from my claim which I had just sold. I bought this claim from the widow and moved to it. Here I was not so lonely as before, as my oldest son took up the adjoining claim and thus became my nearest neigbor. I remained there till the fall of '83, and then sold out to a man from Nevada for fifteen hundred dollars, my son also selling his claim for twenty-five hundred dollars.

CHAPTER LII.

I *WAS* now out of debt and with nine hundred dollars in my pocket; and being one day in Livermore I met James Beazel, an old friend, who, in course of conversation, told me of an auction sale, about to take place, of two houses and a lot, which probably would be sold quite low. I went to the sale and bought the property for eight hundred and ten dollars, and I rented the property quite advantageously.

Beazel was chairman of the town trustees, and he influenced my appointment as steward of the town and as policeman, for which service I received thirty dollars a month, and I held my appointment till the fall of '86, when my health failed and I was nearly crippled with rheumatism and bronchitis. These troubles continued to increase upon me; I kept on doctoring myself, and being doctored with no good result, till my money was about gone and I was down on bed-rock, in the same condition in which I was when I was a boy on the deserts of the present State of Nevada. Then, however, I was young and strong and full of energy; now I was, I

may say, an old man and broken in health and, to use a common but forcible expression, "flat broke." A sad state of things for me. I got worse and worse, and my friends advised me to go to the county infirmary. This was the heaviest blow that I had yet received; even the suggestion of it was stunning to me. I got a permit and went to see the infirmary. When I looked on the hundred and eighty patients with all manner of ailments, some on crutches and canes, and many looking like death itself, I could not bring myself to it, and I turned and left the place. Then I managed to go about to various places, hoping to wear out my diseases and keep out of the public institution. Shortly I found that in my broken-down condition it was useless to shirk becoming a patient at the charge of the county, and I sought and obtained admission.

In the days of my prosperity no man could have believed that I would come down to this, but on entering the infirmary I found men who, but a few years previously, would have been thought just as unlikely subjects for public charity as I myself was, and who were now, if possible, even worse off than I.

In the infirmary I found men of many nations, and some queer characters; some—one particularly—who had possessed far more property than ever I

did, and who in the flush times in Nevada was a man of some mark and of wealth; but he, too, lost his property and his health, and, like me, his grip upon enterprise and prosperity. Numbers of others, too, whose mutations of fortune had been as marked as his and mine now lie on their lee shore, the County Infirmary. Among the one hundred and seventy-five patients in that institution at the time of my stay there, I think not more than twenty were of native American birth; the rest were made up of every nation, almost, which sends emigrants to America, and among all these could be found probably as many distinct diseases as there were patients.

I here learned much, even at my late day, of character, and also of diseases and their treatment. During my rather rough life from boyhood up I had been forced to learn a good deal about the treatment of usual diseases and wounds, but my experience in that Infirmary opened my eyes to varieties of human ailments which I had never thought of before.

One cause of disease, however, forced itself upon my notice, which experience, in my own case as also in that of many others, should have made apparent to me long before. It was ALCOHOL! In confidential talk with patients they would often speak freely of

the cause of their illness, and in perhaps a majority of cases their confession would be, "Too much "whisky"—"Too much long spree and exposure;" or one more reserved would perhaps word it, "I don't know, but I think my disease began by my drinking too much whisky." It was enough to make a total abstinence man of the most confirmed drunkard. I myself had indulged too freely, and I believe my experience here cured me of all desire for the stimulus of alcoholic drink. I signed no pledge, but I believe I have done better. I have solemnly vowed to keep my pledge which I have made with myself, and I have sought for strength and aid to keep that pledge where alone such strength and aid can be obtained.

CHAPTER LIII.

MY military service with Frémont in the Mexican war entitled me to receive a pension from the Government. Up to this time I had not applied for it, not having needed it; but now, in my misfortune and inability to work, it behooved me to seek it, small though the sum might be. I therefore made successful application through Mr. Tenison of San José, and I have been in receipt of it ever since. In the Infirmary I found some other old veteran pioneers, and set them in the way of getting their pensions likewise.

On the whole, although I have been no saint, still I believe that, considering my lack of education and careful training, and taking into consideration, too, the kind of men with whom I have been in contact, I don't think I have been so very bad a sinner.

In my transactions with men, and women too, I have always tried to act fairly—to practice fair play—and I think that, in this, I have nearly always succeeded. In business I have tried to make as good a bargain as possible, but always in fair, open trade and without taking undue or dishonest advantage of any one.

In another respect I may give myself credit. With the aid of my good wife I have brought up and presented to the nation a large family of children—native born—now grown up to man's and woman's estate, who, so far, have proved themselves good, and useful, and law-abiding citizens.

These items, and perhaps others which it might be vanity to mention, I think should be placed on the credit side of my life's account. Of the debtor side of that account, I say nothing; let others do that. Except wrong that I have done to myself, I charge nothing to my own discredit, and I leave unmentioned much wrong which has been done to me by others.

So much for my past. Of my future—What? As I have previously said, I am not a prophet.

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